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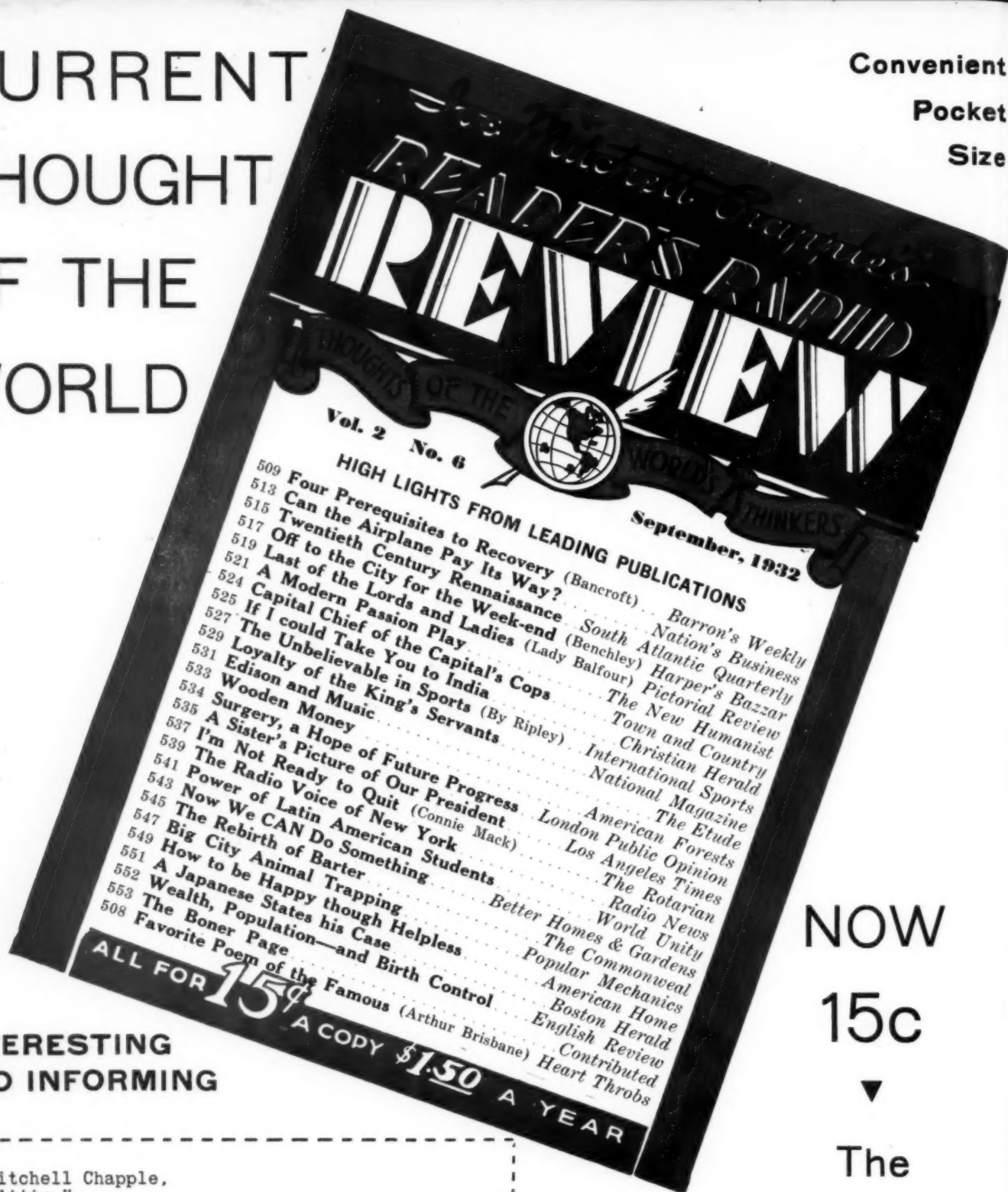
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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



OW that Washington finds Congress adjourned and the Bonus Expenditure Force departed, it has settled down to drowsy August moods. The branch headquarters of the various political parties have shifted to secondary importance with the campaign in full blast. All sorts of jibes and criticism aimed at the President by the stump speaker geysers given license for an open season during presidential year. With the exception of a brief

glimpse of Rapidan once a week, Herbert Hoover continues the habits established in early youth of finding his recreation in varied work that piles upon him. The haunts of the B. E. F. in their long and persistent campaign to force Congress to pay the billion dollar bonus are already in the itinerary of the sight-seeing busses. The camps were at first an object of curiosity and sympathetic interest, but as the filth and dirt accumulated necessitated by conditions, the injection of commercializing want and need exploited with lurid signs made it evident that the invasion would become intolerable in time. Then Communists took advantage of the situation and aroused the mob passions of Bolshevism, overcame the earnest and sincere original intent of many of the men. Some of them had brought their families on to share in their adventures and get away from the distressful situation of no work at home. This awakened the kindly impulse of Washington.

Encouraged by Congressman who must have known that there was no hope of the government paying the billion dollar bonus at a time when the deficit was well into the billion mark, the responsibility of later tragic events must rest upon the shoulders of politicians and agitators who are ever ready to play upon human passions to exploit their own eagerness for publicity and gain their own petty ends.

The President ordered the whole situation investigated and the young foreigner who lost his life during the at-

tack upon the police was given a military burial in Arlington. The situation aroused the country as did the Randwood Strike in 1892. President Hoover reaffirmed the fixed principle of our country that no group of people can be permitted to intimidate the government for their own personal ends.

This situation has been met before by presidents and governments and brought to mind the Police Strike in Boston which revealed the qualifications of Calvin Coolidge as a governor. The decisive action of Presidents Grover Cleveland and Andrew Jackson under similar circumstances are also remembered. Well organized printed and personal propaganda, supporting the Bonus Expeditionary Force in their insidious attacks made upon the government and constitutional authority, may prove that the ulterior purposes of the outbreak were checked none too soon.



Vicki Baum, author of "Grand Hotel"
An Interesting Visitor to the United States.

WITH Vicki Baum, author of "Grand Hotel," a visitor in Washington, it would seem as if there still remained a surplus of celebrities aspiring for star parts. Vicki Baum remains one of the most discussed women authors in Germany. Her visits to this country have added still more interest in the girl music student of Vienna whose literary genius has brought her novels within the realm of "best sellers."

She is still wedded to her music, and her husband, Richard Lert, is a conductor in the Berlin State Opera. The picturization of her novel "Grand Hotel" brought together the greatest stars ever known in the picture world. The drama was originally produced by Reinhardt, the master theatrical genius of Germany.

She followed "Grand Hotel" with a comedy, and recently commented that Dickens, Galsworthy, and Kipling remain her favorite English authors. She has little interest in the French writers. Her literary life has been influenced by Dostoyevski. Her keen understanding and sympathy enable her to paint a large canvas in bold strokes, ignoring details. Still young and endowed with



Charles H. Prisk, publisher Pasadena Star-News

the feelings of every character she portrays.

Witnessing a performance by Pavlova, the dancer, tired and growing old, she interwove the famous Russian dancer into the plot of "Grand Hotel." She began writing while convalescing from a serious illness by recording incidents from her childhood. For six weeks she worked as a chambermaid in one of Berlin's leading hotels, after she had finished the manuscript of the novel in order to check up on details. There were forty rooms for her to clean, forty beds to be made, forty bells to answer. It was hard work, but she had the satisfaction of knowing that not one word of her novel had to be changed. Although not announced, it is expected that Vicki Baum will write a novel of American life that will make readers in the United States sit up and take notice of themselves, mirrored in the matchless work of a literary genius who has been termed, first of all, a student of life, and then acclaimed an author and playwright of international renown.

FROM far-off California, counted in terms of miles, comes much of the important news of the world during August. The Olympic games at Los Angeles have kept the wires hot and the newspapers busy during the sultry dog days. The news of the world as far as the motion picture industry is concerned centers in Hollywood and the area covered by the shining "Evening Star" of Pasadena, edited by Charles Henry Prisk. He began his newspaper career in Grass Valley, California and has seemed to find good pasturage for his ambitions ever since. The Star-News of Pasadena furnishes many celebrities their news in the life of retirement and recreation which so many eminent Americans have sought in the charm and delights of Southern California.

AFTER serving for many years in the ranks and proving himself a superlative organizer, Edgar Kobak was practically commandeered to take the presidency of the American Federation of Advertising. It was not a mere election, but a unanimous selection by representatives of Advertising Clubs in all parts of the country. Serving with distinction in numerous phases

of publishing, editorial, advertising and circulation, he became editor of The Electrical World. The first work was on subscriptions in southern territory and Cuba. Two years later he was promoted to the sales activities staff of the McGraw-Hill Company, with headquarters in St. Louis. From here he was called to New York to become promotion manager and was advanced until he became sales manager and vice president, directing all the sales activities of this great organization.

As a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the Engineers Club of New York, his career reflects credit on his engineering course at Georgia Tech. Five years of intensive engineering work with the Georgia Power Co. followed the diploma. Aside from all his thorough and technical qualifications, Mr. Kobak is a pleasing and forceful speaker, and knows how to work with other people in accomplishing a definite and concrete results. With Edgar Kobak there is no fun like work, and the Federation promises to profit greatly with the virile and energetic president who is carrying on so completely the plans established by the former president, Mr. Gilbert T. Hodges, in putting the Federation on a good business basis, organized so that the responsibility is distributed among the influential people who are interested, directly and indirectly, in that important phase of American activity known as advertising.

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Edgar Kopak, President American Federation of Advertising

brother Lee. While his business has required his presence in New York to direct the finances of his company, Mr. Phillips has taken an active part in the civic activities of the community and state. His home is on a ranch where he enjoys the feeling of the great outdoors which developed the energy and vitality that enables him to carry on the strenuous work of an oil producer.

DURING the strenuous battles to keep the oil industry going and provide people with good gasoline, Mr. Frank Phillips of the Phillips Petroleum Company has pushed to completion the pipe lines and prepared for the comeback which is felt is due to the oil industry. Born in Nebraska, Mr. Phillips went from Iowa where he was reared on a farm, to Oklahoma in the early days, and has been identified with the development of oil wells since they first began to appear in the state established by the Sooners. The growth of his organization from modest proportions is one of the outstanding incidents recorded in the production of oil in the great Southwest territory. Bartlesville, Okla. has been the home and headquarters of the Phillips Petroleum Company, launched by Frank Phillips and his



Frank Phillips, President Phillips Petroleum Co.

THE only name by which he is known in Yellowstone National Park is "Geyser Bill". To him geysers are pets, hobbies, school, work, and play. He considers a geyser like others might look upon a favorite dog or a book. He cultivates them like one would a friend. He pampers, pets and protects them as one would a child. He studies them as one might a favorite book.



Senator Borah being interviewed by the Editor of The National

years as a geyser observer. He probably knows more about the habits and whims of Yellowstone geysers than any man alive. He comes in long before the season opens and stays long after it is officially closed. This spring he came in May 20, and he declares that he will stay until the heavy snows drive him out.

"Geyser Bill" eats, sleeps, and plays with the geysers in the park. He knows their every mood, records their every impulse. A tall, gaunt, weather-beaten man of sixty or more, he can be seen from early morning until late at night on geyser hill near Old Faithful or at any other geyser basin in the park. Unobtrusive, he is rarely singled out by park visitors, for his garb is simple—an old army shirt, Khaki trousers and sneakers.

An old arm sergeant, retired from active duty in 1918, this man, who admits to the name of T. J. Ankrom, calls his little car his home. It is equipped with cot and paraffined canvas, and many a night he sleeps beside a geyser which premonition and close study tells him is about to erupt.

Geyser Bill awakes each morning to the reveille of the Daisy geyser and his lullaby is the sizzling spout of Old Faithful or the Riverside geyser, two reliable and regular events of the day.

Like a mother with a restive child, "Geyser Bill" spends many a night watching over his wards. When a geyser is overdue there is no sleep for Bill. He wonders what is the trouble, and will not rest until the spout has resumed its regular breathing.

As an army sergeant Bill saw two years service in Alaska, more than two years in Porto Rico, two and a half years in the Philippines, several months in Cuba in 1898 with Shafter's expedition and later service in the World War.

But let anyone lay a hand on a geyser cone or on any of the about the geyser for centuries and old "Geyser Bill" goes into eruption. He simply will not tolerate any tampering with or chipping off any formation. To those who are really eager to learn about geysers, Bill will unfold a wealth of information gathered from his four



Colonel Clarence M. Young

WHEN Senator William Edgar Borah packed his satchel in Washington and said he was "a' speakin' goin'" he agreed with the time table. There was a call for a "statement" from the ever-present interviewers. His opening gun in Minneapolis did not have the soothing tones of the laughing waters at Minnehaha, but it made 'em sit up and think. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, his comments on war debts were measured and weighed at home and abroad. While opposed to Roosevelt and the Republican plank on prohibition in particular, and President Hoover in general on many of his policies, speculation is rife as to what the Idaho senator will be saying when the big potatoes of his state are ripe for the digging and election day approaches. His record reveals that the senator from the Rockies does his protesting most of the time, but comes around regular on election day—even if with a protest. While stumping for Hoover four years ago he insisted he was not in accord with many Hoover ideas, but somehow he manages to reconcile himself to existing conditions on election day.

FROM the cockpit of an airplane Colonel Clarence M. Young, in charge of Aeronautics for the Department of Commerce, has made a personal observation of the growth and activities of aviation. His report for the first quarter announced that one hundred and one monoplanes, two hundred and nineteen military airplanes and nineteen biplanes, together with fourteen autogyros, giving grand total of 376 aircrafts were produced in the United States for the first three months of 1932. This does not include many aircrafts manufactured within that period for which licenses or identification marks had not been applied for or issued. The significant part of the report is that Uncle Sam is keeping pace with airplane production for national defence and still holds records that have yet to be surpassed. The production of airplanes for military observations have not kept pace with that of other countries, but

it is hoped by next year that American aviation production and development may at least equal that of other nations.

The department of Commerce sent questionnaires in January, 1932, to a representative list of 250 airports, 150 being municipal or public airports and 100 commercial airports. The Department received excellent returns from the questionnaires; 88 per cent from



Dr. W. W. Yen, Chinese Ambassador to the United States

municipal airports, and 83 per cent from commercial airports, which enabled it to present authentic and recent material in its bulletin.

MEMORIES of the days of Wu Ting Fang in Washington are recalled in the great work being accomplished by Dr. W. W. Yen, the first full-fledged ambassador to the United States from China. Dr. Yen has been attending the Council of the League of Nations. He was the first delegate extraordinary to the Assembly of the League of Nations which was convoked at the request of China in accordance with the League Covenant.

Since coming to Washington he has most ably represented his government. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia and the first Chinese to secure the honor of the Phi Beta Kappa. He taught English literature and history at St. John's University in Shanghai of which his father was co-founder and also the organizer of the Chinese Students World Federation. As first secretary of Wu Ting Fang during the days of the Dowager regime, he made a record that brought the hearty commendation not only of his chief, but all Americans with whom he came in contact.

Dr. Yen returned to China and became Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and later served as Chinese Minister to Denmark and Germany, and was later offered the post at the Court of St. James in London, but did not accept, because of responsibilities at home as Chinese premier. He retired for several years and when the Republic was established again took up active work. In 1930 he was appointed a member of the Foreign Relations Committee. His address at Geneva this year is counted the most eloquent plea that was made in the League of Nations Assembly, and had much to do with the action taken by that body which through Stimson note helped to check the Japanese invasion at Shanghai. Dr. Yen will be given a hearty reception by representatives of his country and many American admirers, following a most eventful service for his country and the world in the cause of peace.



Walter Chrysler,
automobile manufacturer

New York Central Railroad.

His activities have by no means been confined to merchandising, for as director of the Rush Medical College, Fresh Air Hospital, and scores of civic organizations in Chicago, he has met every demand that could be made upon a full-orbed citizenship. During the war he was overseas as director of the Chicago Chapter of the American Red Cross. As trustee of the Field Museum he has more than carried out the plans of his chief. In a recent address in New York he proved that he is still in the midst of civic and public responsibilities which he has always declared to be a part of the merchant's function in any city or community, large or small.

THE development of automobiles includes the leadership of more than one man or group of men. The ranks of leaders have been recruited from all parts of the country and many vocations. The career of Walter Chrysler is an inspiring example of concentration. Born in the state where the sun flowers bloom, he started life as a railroad mechanic. At the World's Fair in Chicago his dream crystallized. He bought the finest motor built, took it apart and determined to improve the best. He was then a master mechanic at Olewin, Iowa, and his family and neighbors could not understand the man who owned the best motor car and did not use it.

From the time he entered the motor industry, duly and truly prepared, he made strikes that startled the vet-

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"Old Faithful" in Yellowstone, the Pal
of "Geyser Bill"



Carl R. Gray, President
Union Pacific Railroad



James Simpson, Chairman
of the Board, Marshall
Field Co., Chicago

The Trumpet Call of Walter Smith

How an Eminent Cornetist and Band Leader overcame obstacles and made for himself a World-Famed Career as an Artist and Conductor

by H. ROSS STEVENSON

From "Musical Observer"

COMFORT and challenge go rarely together, but move side by side in the life-story of Walter M. Smith. In his achievement every earnest young musician in America may find both stimulus and strength. It is not only a challenge, but also—in this time of some fear for the future—a most heartening reassurance.

By uncommon effort Walter Smith has won uncommon rewards and repute. Just forty, with years of new conquest spread bright before him, he stands already upon a high peak. George W. Stewart, speaking from the mature judgment of a long and rich lifetime in music, does not hesitate to acclaim him "one of the gifted and accomplished instrumentalists ever reared in this country". As soloist upon both the cornet and the trumpet, Smith holds unquestioned rank among the greatest virtuosi in history, the successor and peer of Arban, Liberati, Jules Levy and Herbert Clarke of living fame. As conductor and soloist of the Walter Smith Band—the concert band in America that has ever been kept steadily on the air for three years, playing regularly once a week during all fifty-two weeks of the calendar he has won the admiring applause of millions of the American public, while also commanding, as the leader of several large symphonic bands, the highest professional esteem of such masters as Goldman. In the celebration of Massachusetts' three hundred years of brave history, he was chosen conductor of the Boston Tercentenary Municipal Band, which played through the festival summer.

Such a record sets indeed a keen spur to ambition; but the appeal of Walter Smith's career by no means is limited to favored or fortunate few. It ranges far beyond. During his youth Walter Smith shared largely the accustomed lot of American boyhood and young manhood. In no way was he assisted, whether by personal wealth, by friendly subsidy for his instruction here or in Europe, or by any high and exclusive privilege whatsoever. He was offered, in general, only those advantages which America offers to all; but by accepting that offer completely, he has turned it to unique account. Not only has he profited by each opportunity, but time and again, on encountering obstacles, he has taken them only as spring-boards from which to plunge farther onward.

Walter Smith has shown that genius which Carlyle defined as a "Transcendent capacity of taking pains". By this he has prevailed against troubles. Here again the challenge of his career gives a promise broad in scope. After all, during these recent years when electricians have so much changed the lives of many musicians, Smith

has not been protected or shut apart in some magical way from the difficulties of adjustment enforced by the radio. In common with all instrumentalists he has faced them; and, in dealing with them successfully, he had in mind not himself alone but the good of all colleagues.

The members of the Walter Smith Band comprise twenty-five of the best artist instrumentalists. This band is but a nucleus for the still greater achievement which



Walter M. Smith
Trumpeter, Artist, and Bandmaster

stands as Smith's highest ambition. He is undertaking to develop in Boston a large Symphonic Band of the first order of excellence, which shall give to New England that same superlative value and universal pleasure provided in New York by the great band directed by his friend, Edwin Franko Goldman, who has so warmly commended his work.

At this juncture in the musical life of America, and enterprise of such magnitude—conceived with ultimate intent to equal in every way the merit of the Nation's finest symphony orchestras—has compelling significance. "It must have occurred to all observers of musical progress", says that very expert authority, John Redfield, in his recent book on Music: a Science and an Art, "that the wind band is gradually assuming a position of commanding importance as a musical organization". Through all this field the air is full of urgent and promising projects.

Among the developments already evident, the formation of the American Bandmasters' Association, organized two years

ago, is of broad importance. Thanks largely to the interest and effort of Walter Smith, the association chose Boston as meeting-ground for its convention. Its well-considered program of constructive activities did much for the future of all instrumentalists.

Walter Milton Smith was born at Easthampton, inland from the Massachusetts coast, on December 16, 1891. His father, John W. Smith, had come to this country from Paisley in Scotland, while the family of his mother, Sophia Freiday Smith, had entered New England from Germany. In this combined heritage, no doubt lies the key to that remarkable union of industry with musicality which became manifest in their son.

When the child was three years of age, his parents moved to Chelsea, and in that northerly suburb of Boston the boy had his elementary schooling. There also begins the report of his first vital memories. The cornet, says Smith, played the theme-song of his childhood. His father was a professional musician, a cornetist and a teacher of the cornet. Often the tones of that instrument filled the boy's home. Through his ear they struck deep. They entered, it seems, even into his heart.

The father, knew well the tribulations of music, and from the outset urged his son to abandon all thought of music as a vocation. Accountancy made a good calling, he recommended, with the idea that an accountant might at least can chart the fortunes of others even though he achieve no fortune himself. Especially did he forbid the boy ever to touch the cornet. The pleas of his father, in boyhood, fell upon a mind already made up. Music was in his blood, and with music he was determined to march on to a career.

Forced to a secondary line of defense his father, declared that if it must be music, at all events it must not be the cornet, suggesting the violin as a compromise. Lessons followed, under two teachers, with more or less diligent practice. There was some genuine progress, but the boy's craving for brass continued *mosso molto e risoluto*. On whatever high closet shelf the parental cornet was hid, Walter found it.

The father next resorted to the piano, conceiving that the child's desire was for the mass-production of sound, would permit its fulfillment of his ambition but again the diagnosis was wrong. The boy knew what he wanted and won the aid of his mother, who, as fellow-conspirator and without informing the father, secured for him a cast-off cornet which his father had stored in the attic.

The child who was to become one of

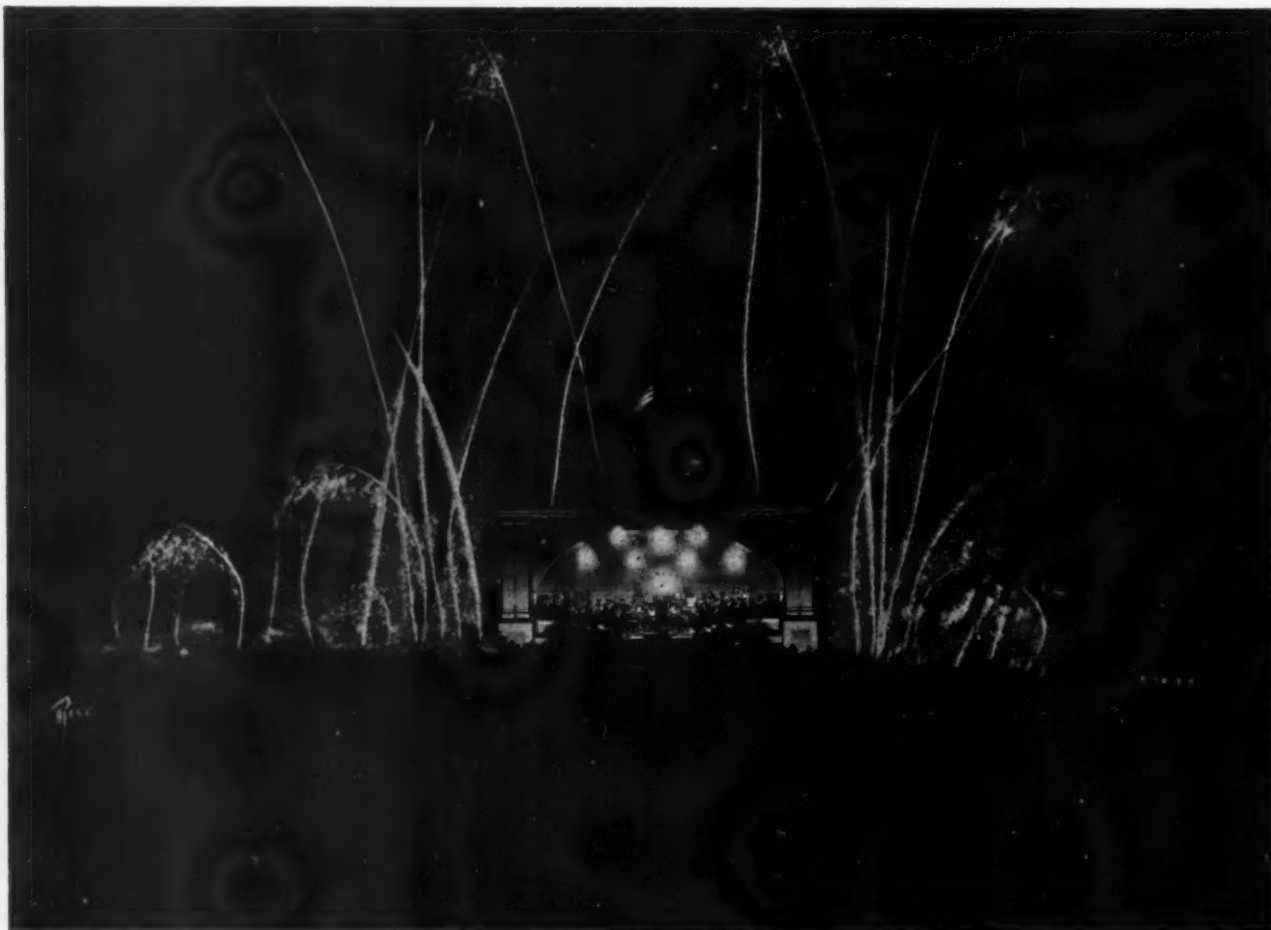
the world's virtuosi gained possession at last of the instrument of his early love, subsequent fame, and still constant affection. There ensued, however, a contretemps. His father caught him playing. And then, after parley, a strange yet understandable thing happened. Proceeding alone, the lad had developed faulty habits. These must be eradicated. Coaching was needed—and it was given by the father

with Milo Burke. At the age of sixteen he became a conductor in his own right, leading the Hancock Band.

But it was with the Martland Band that the youth won his first opportunity to play in an organization engaged for regular performances daily throughout a long season. The conductor, Mace Gay, had lost his cornet soloist, Ernest Williams—later one of Smith's teachers and now the able

better chance of steady employment to be gained with this musical instrument; but the work laid also the basis for his first distinguished success d'estime.

In 1912 Arthur Wonson's sudden death left the Boston Festival Orchestra without a trumpet soloist almost on the eve of its most important engagements, performing oratorio with the great Handel and Haydn Society. Fortunately, George



Walter M. Smith and his famous Band in the Shell amid the Fireworks Display at Quincy Mass., the home of two Presidents of the United States.

himself, now a convert to the dual alliance, albeit with reservations.

From his tenth year onward, young Walter's happiness grew with his beloved cornet. An orchestra, formed by children of the neighborhood, met in his home for rehearsal under his father's direction, with Walter as its most versatile member. At twelve, in the graduation exercises of the Carter Grammer School, he played his first cornet solo in public.

Soon thereafter the family moved to Brockton Mass. To his delight, this suburb within the southerly arc of Boston's metropolitan district the boy found a veritable hot-bed of bands. While successfully completing the four years of high school, Walter played with the Y. M. C. A. orchestra organized by his father; formed, with four school friends, an ensemble supplying music for dances and profit; continued cornet lessons under his father and later

dean of the Ithaca Military Band School. To the vacant desk Gay appointed the boy just out of high school, and for seven summers he kept it, playing at least one solo each day for the crowd which throngs Paragon Park at Nantasket Beach. Here Smith gained also his first experience in conducting a band of professional calibre, when the leader, upon sustaining an accident, chose him to take his place.

Commendable though the youth's record been, marking him indeed as a "boy-wonder", recognition had not yet come from any high priest of music within the city of Boston itself. The day of that conquest was near. While continuing to play the cornet, the young man now had devoted himself to study of the trumpet under instruction by Louis Kloepfel of the New England Conservatory of Music. To this course he had been moved chiefly by practical considerations, having in mind the

W. Stewart had heard of Smith. He brought Smith at once to rehearsal, and for his first number the conductor gave him "The Trumpet Shall Sound" from the Messiah, which demands of the trumpet soloist some 200 measures of a difficult obligato. Smith played the passage from memory, says a witness, and brought bursts of applause from all the players and singers alike, with a word of admiration even from the conductor, the late Emil Mollenhauer, a leader more renowned for his musicianship than for any tendency to bestow praise.

This was Smith's first appearance in Symphony Hall, but in view of the public's acclaim on the day of performance through the seventeen years following, when Handel and Haydn Society has sung the Messiah, it has become a law that Smith shall repeat his achievement.

Continued on page 180

When the Atwater Kent 96 Arrived

Story of a Radio that gave the World the "Atwater Kent Hour" and Auditions that have brought the best young vocal talent in the country in company with famous artists

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

ALMOST within a decade—ten swift years—Radio has swept in upon human history. Aside from the marvel of marvels, it involved the basic method of communication—the spoken word.

Senator Marconi, in a room adjoining the Senate Chambers of Italy, told me in 1918 that wireless would one day become as universal as the telephone. "Its voice will reach to the greatest heights, to the depths of the earth and beneath the sea, conveying a message as if spoken face to face." This was only fourteen years ago.

Soon after broadcasting programs became an accomplished fact in the United States, A. Atwater Kent, the maker of radio instruments, established a distinctive radio hour. It became an event of outstanding public interest. Discussing this program over the back fence, in the club, on the street and neighborhood, the individual home decided that until they could hear the Atwater Kent Hour along with political events, prize fights, grand opera, symphonies, and jazz bands, there was something missing. The rush for radio sets aggregating millions followed. Then came the insistent demand for better reception in listening to the programs.

In our particular radio group circle it was asserted that the household would never be complete, nor would radio be enjoyed to the full, until there was a set in to properly receive what was being sent out.

The Atwater Kent audition was a climax marking an important epoch in American musical development. The contest of young singers from every state has done much to bring out American musical development.

Radio listeners from every section were in reality judges in the final audition in New York. The ten young people who won the contests in each state and region foregathered as guests of Mr. Kent, who proved a real host.

* * *

In the meantime they had been received by the President of the United States in Washington, and altogether given a real start on the way to artistic fame. The plan appeals to the vision of American youth

and the contest-mindedness of the times. Seated at their radios the public vied with the eminent musicians gathered in New York to choose the ten winners, five young men and five young women, representing as many states. The awards marked a new status in the discovery and training of

its flaring loud speaker leave the corner where it has received honorable attention. The new set was located near the window, looking down Boston harbor, and the first sound accidentally turned on full blast was a bugle call that might have been heard at Minot Light. In the twist of the dial it

was sending forth soft dulcet tones from every point of the compass in rapid succession. The card of instructions in front contained the magic words "Atwater Kent," carrying assurance that it was the last word. From the initial test the bass and treble notes could be sent out distinctly to every room in the house. Somehow it seemed as if broadcasting stations had especially prepared for our chistening on that first day the new radio arrived like a fairy in our home.

We just couldn't leave that radio. It was such a contrast to the old battery set. A dear old lady from the neighborhood dropped in and one of her favorite oratorios came out of the air to us. She insisted that this moment was preparing her for the carols she expected to hear in heaven. The very music of the spheres and all the sounds past, seem to be surging in out of the magic realm of radio.

Now for the details of the twists on the dial that brought some of the things heard on that first day with the Atwater Kent.

The "Tonebran" flashed on like an exclamation point, and we knew that everything registered right. This perpendicular sign level seemed like a beacon light, "All's well." The illuminated light of the dial seemed to register memories in swift succession. First comes the night I enjoyed with Mr. Atwater Kent, Rosa Ponselle and other

artists at the national audition in New York in the N. B. C. studio. It recalled a young man who worked in Worcester Mass. and Providence, R. I. who through his knowledge of electrical equipment as a regular man became intensely interested in wireless. When the rush tide was on, he was ready with a radio supreme.

The golden tones of the bass and the clear enunciation of each instrument of the orchestra and the clarion voices of the singers made me feel as if I were in Symphony Hall. Out of the ether came voices



A. Atwater Kent

legions of promising voices throughout the country and could justly claim a place in the nation's educational curriculum.

Dreams sometimes come true in these prosaic days. On a Saturday afternoon, a beaming face appeared at our door, announcing that he had an Atwater Kent No. 96 to deliver and install. He politely explained that a friend of the household had given definite instructions to see that this particular home was thoroughly "Atwater Kent-ized." Yes, there was a twinge of regret when we saw the old radio set with

of artists strangely familiar—echoing from that horseshoe circle at the Metropolitan—all down through the years.

That Sunday of Radio devotion enhanced my appreciation of good programs that seem to analyze the moods of the hours and suggest time as thought space according to the Einstein theory.

The enthusiasm of the announcers was justified for we heard the original symphonies that won the N. B. C. award. On one of the scores the ink was scarcely dry before it was given to the public over the air and composers from Paris to California were felicitated on their success by President M. H. Aylesworth as if they were in the same room.

As a violin player may become attached to his Stradivarius, so we found our Atwater Kent growing on us, bringing us concerts from Berlin, the land of Beethoven and Wagner, symphony music from Rochester, New York, a Mexican marimba band that recalled my last visit with the late Dwight Morrow in Mexico, and back to the band concert from the park nearby.

Radio was first used extensively in broadcasting the inaugural address of Warren G. Harding as President of the United States. Echoes of his kindly voice came to me that day when I heard the strains of "Beautiful Ohio" and his favorite songs.

Well, we just couldn't get away from the radio that day. In one program came "The Lost Chord", my mother's favorite song, and "The Hallelujah Chorus" was given with the historic and traditional zest of Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. Here I was sitting on the very piano stool that mother used when "San Souci" overture, now echoing from Chicago, was in its prime. Over and over again came the music of Victor Herbert, with whom I had visited in his home at Lake Placid, New York, before there was even a dream of radio. I had recently visited the resting place of Macdowell in that beauty spot of the Peter-

boro hills where the "wild flowers" which inspired him still bloom. Organ music recalled an early ambition to own a home that might contain a pipe organ and here it was realized. Music instead of drum beats and shots are now "heard around the world."

Radio has brought us the voice of roaring lions, songs of birds, and almost every sound known to human ears, even to the rustle of the whispering leaves. The secrets of Nature have become an audible picture.

All around the dial came the variety, good, bad and indifferent, to suit the taste. The golden strumming of the harp and the bird-like notes of the flute were all there, etched distinctively in natural tones, always preserving the pulsating timbre and wide range of the human voice. The wide range of programs, touching every phase and form of sound, remains a comfort to many a lonely soul.

Yes, there was an old-fashioned singing school followed by a Spanish cavalier actually singing in Havana, mingling with a recital of the old poems in Heart Throbs and tuneful melodies from Heart Songs.

We heard the farewell of Lily Pons, singing the "Last Rose of Summer" before she left for her home in France. It recalled that night of nights at the Metropolitan when she made the great hit in "Lucia di Lammermoor" and later stood the supreme test of a prima donna in Mozart's "Figaro."

Altogether it was an Atwater Kent Sunday from early morning to late at night. Dr. Sockman's talk in the early afternoon, the scholarly and thoughtful sermon by Dr. Fosdick, the appealing answers and sermon by the pioneer Radio preacher Dr. Cadman, the stirring address of Fr. Ahern on the Catholic Hour, Rabbi Harry Levi with his rapid-fire appeal from Temple Israel, the Christian Science service, Dr. Stafford from the Old South and Dr. Brougher from Tremont Temple! What

would Puritan forefathers have thought of a church attendance represented by the millions who listen in to this repertoire of rousing, inspiring and uplifting thoughts that came to us on the rest day.

Hist! there was a mystery story that Sunday by Dr. Watson—not the Watson associated with Sherlock Holmes, but the Thomas Watson who made the first telephone instrument for Alexander Graham Bell, and the first to hear Bell's voice over the magic wire. What a field was opened from the experiments in the attic room in Boston. The dash of one hundred feet by the Wright Brothers ending in a crash proved the principle of heavier-than-air planes at Kittyhawk, and the hundred feet of wire used by Dr. Watson who accidentally touched a spring made from an old clock conveying the sound of metal to the keen ears of Alexander Graham Bell, made telephones possible. From this echo of inanimate matter came the animate voice of the inventor. This was the natural forerunner of the radio that came to grace our apartment on that Sunday in 1932, counted a red letter day in the chronicles of our happy home called "the Attic."

Like a benediction came Seth Parker, then the usual news and weather reports, and parrot-like advertisements and baseball scores, that must always come before we say goodnight. The rich diaphanon of the organ and slumber music made us feel that we had indeed enjoyed a holy day of sixteen hours filled with a variety of wholesome programs—if you "tune in" well—that augurs much for the future of radio.

After the lights were turned off, the dial still gleamed. The fraction of an inch in that magic semicircle, like a loyal sentinel, was ready to reach out and bring in voices from all parts of the world. Like the "horizon level" of airplanes flying blind but through infinite space, the Atwater Kent dial seemed to bid us sail on to the land of pleasant dreams as it blinked out a cheery goodnight.

The Trumpet Call of Walter Smith

Continued from page 154

During 1913 Smith gave a season to the orchestra of the Boston Opera Company, and a year or two later he was offered the first trumpeter's desk in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This posed him a problem. As musical director of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Stewart had urged that Smith come to the coast with the Boston Band not only as trumpeter but also assistant conductor under Mollenhauer. Against the Symphony's attractions there stood the opportunity of gaining important experience as a conductor. This challenge carried weight. He went to San Francisco in 1915, and served a long season of daily performances, unforeseen circumstances giving him the active conductorship not merely at occasional concerts but during all of a number of weeks. Also he played in the Exposition Symphony Orchestra under such leaders as Max

Bendix, Georges George and Victor Herbert.

In December, 1915, he returned to Boston, and accepted direction of the Walham Watch Company Band, a post which he held for five years. In 1918 he also took charge of the well-endowed A. C. Ames Band at North Easton, and continues as its director today.

It is now largely to the role of the bandmaster and teacher that Walter Smith is devoting his energies. In addition to the weekly rehearsals and concerts of the Walter Smith Band, maintaining the broadcast which the Edison station in Boston considers its best regular feature, Smith directs also the Aleppo Temple Band, which is the largest Shriners' Band in the world, as well as the Taleb Grotto Band in Quincy, Mass.

During the summer months, he now in-

sists upon a long vacation, when he can give himself freely to the sports he loves—gunning and boating. In earlier years such was his enjoyment of the first of these that he often made it a practice to be up at 4 A. M. and away to his shooting, thereafter reaching his studio sharply at 9 A. M. Now he desires more leisure for the pursuit of his hobbies, including time to coast along in his motor-boat, the latest of a fleet which has ranged from a dory to a forty-foot cruiser.

Walter Smith is preparing both of his sons for the profession—the elder being already a student in the Ithaca Military Band School—which gives evidence of the strength of his confidence in the future of music. As a result of recent difficulties in the orchestral field, he believes that thoroughly trained instrumentalists will

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Vacation Days with our Presidents

A Glimpse of some of our Presidents of the United States during the hours of Relaxation seeking Varied Haunts and cities that attracted Chief Executives during the good old Summer Time

THE pendulum of public interest swings from one locality to another seeking the haunts and homes of people on the front page of the newspapers. One comes closer to the real man in vacation days than during the strenuous activities associated with their work-a-day fame. It is the time when one is likely to become better acquainted with Nature in its relation to human nature. This blend of curiosity and admiration whets an enduring interest that may survive the "spot news" flare of nine days in the newspapers.

As a cub reporter, an assignment of interviewing eminents in vacation time was alluring. It stimulated spontaneity in writing about famous folks who might be prosaic subjects otherwise. Off guard, so to speak, in the shadow of a friendly elm, on the verandah, walking down a country lane, around the cabin in the forest, on the banks of a stream or lake or over marshes and moor, the real personality seemed silhouetted against a background of relaxation that relieved the rigid lines that appear in the picture of prominent men in the swift kaleidoscope of modern activities.

Some of us who are not vacationing this year are finding wonderful opportunities for relaxation right in the old home, getting better acquainted with ourselves, with the neighbors away and discovering charming nooks in the parks and woods reached with a street car fare.

At this time "Conditions and not theories confront us;" President Grover Cleveland was the author of this classic utterance. This gives me the cue that perhaps we now chat about vacation days of our presidents, beginning with Cleveland's time. It so happens that I have been with every president of the United States in some of their vacation days since I met Grover Cleveland at Chatham. If there was a spot on earth that Cleveland loved it was Cape Cod. He built a summer home at Gray Gables on Buzzards Bay, adjoining the hut of his pal, Joe Jefferson of Rip Van Winkle fame.

Prior to this, he had taken his bride, Frances Folsom Cleveland, to Marion, and the many fishing haunts nestling in the sands and scrub oak of the Cape. A stolid form with that old hat and bandanna handkerchief around his neck, sitting on the bank, his angelic patience was something his enemies might have emulated even when they charged him with being too drunk to sit in the boat and fish. Cleveland was one president thoroughly abused but loved for the enemies he made. To see his portly form walking down the narrow streets of Provincetown suggested a scene in Shore Acres. How his blue eyes would twinkle

when someone told him of a new fishing pond. That was one reason I was favored with his executive attention.

Robert Lincoln O'Brien, later editor of the Boston Herald, now chairman of the Tariff Commission in Washington was the bright blonde young man stenographer who became a president's secretary. Not far away at Falmouth, noted world-wide for its salubrious soft air, where every flower shrub and fruit that can be grown in the Carolina zone flourish, lived Richard Olney, the secretary of State in Cleveland's cabinet. At his home included in the peerless panorama from Terrace Gables at the Heights, he penned that famous Venezuelan message that shook the world and made Great Britain sit up and take notice.

President William McKinley enjoyed vacation time in tours, including a visit to the southern states, where he did so much to reunite the country in his re-creative days, but the real happy days of the great McKinley was at the little gray home in the west, at Canton, Ohio. I was with him at the time he returned to enjoy a visit with the home folks. The house had been renovated and repainted and the mortgage lifted since the strenuous days of '96, when he had conducted the picturesque presidential front-porch campaign, greeted by dinner brigades recruited by Uncle Mark Hanna.

His reelection was contested on the charge of Imperialism and here the bricks on Market Street were labeled "Imperial." Smilingly he pointed them out to me as an evidence of his drift toward imperialism in encouraging home markets to provide the bricks for Canton pavements, grimly labeled "imperial" instead of "homemade."

Please do not think of me as a Rip Van Winkle when I tell you that I was with Theodore Roosevelt on the wind-swept prairies of Dakota when he was enjoying one of the supreme vacations of his life. After the death of his first wife, he went to Dakota and was a guest of Marquis de Mores on his ranch at Mandan.

As editor of a country newspaper, at the age of sixteen, with my name floating proudly on the front page as editor and proprietor, I felt duly prepared for a chase of celebrities. Dashing up on my broncho, I threw the reins over the head, ready to lasso a news item concerning the tenderfoot with a Dutch name, who had just arrived from the east.

Somehow I did not like him at first, because he began interviewing me instead of giving me a chance to ask him questions. He wanted to know about everything.—How much did I get for the buffalo bones which I picked on the prairies to supplement the

revenues of the newspaper? Were there any trees between Mandan and the Jim River where I lived? Proudly I asserted the fact that there were sixteen cottonwood trees within sight of my shack. I almost sold Doc Anderson's tree claim. Showing him that I could throw a rope, and stroking the tango sideburns under my ears, I sought to impress him with my maturity and start a discussion on whether Dakota should be divided into two states or become the Empire State of the Northwest. I was for the Empire.

But Roosevelt, with political sagacity, suggested a division, giving the Republicans a possibility of four senators instead of two. The two Dakotas have since been prolific in producing Republican senators with labels only, who have raised Cain with their party, and called the east horned demons of Wall Street.

Later I traveled with him on one of his special trains where he spent his time between towns reading a book at the rapid speed of a page at every glance, and he would tell the newspaper men all about the book in a few swift staccato sentences. He was a great vacation day campaigner from the rear platform, and how the people did love and admire the intrepid Teddy. I saw him again on another vacation at Tampa, with a sombrero hat, as a Rough Rider, ready to embark for Cuba and then on to world fame.

Supreme vacation days at Sagamore Hill, where with family, friends and books, amid the scenes of his childhood, a recollection of the summers in Maine, fighting for health with the beloved guide, Seth Bullock, he often referred to as the beginning and consummation of the soothing and yet exhilarating hours in his busy life.

In these summer days, the same trees, the same landscape that this Happy Warrior looked upon, surround his resting place, a shrine visited every day by admirers of the inimitable and ever-remembered Theodore Roosevelt.

Happy days in habitant land are recalled with the memory of William Howard Taft at Murray Bay in Quebec. Among the descendants of voyageurs in red shirts, living with oil lamps, wood stoves and an axe, Mr. Taft enjoyed many happy vacation days. Here one could retreat, battered by life and discouraged, and find the real thread of existence, amid the smell of strong black habitant tobacco, as they related experiences in the picturesque woods.

I was also with Mr. Taft on many of his long tours, for Taft was an inveterate traveler; but the sweetest memory of his vacation days to me is associated with his visits to the home of his Aunt Delia in Milford

Mass., where he spent the summer as a boy with his mother's relatives. It was here that he announced the eventful decision that made him the successor of Roosevelt.

In the shadows of Shadow Lawn on the Jersey coast I saw Woodrow Wilson on that eventful vacation day when he received the news of his reelection after Charles Evans Hughes was assured and had received telegrams of congratulation as president-elect of the United States. A look of triumph beamed on the face of Woodrow Wilson when he met the reporters on the lawn. It was counted as one of the happiest days of his eventful life, feeling that his perplexing years of "keeping us out of war" were likely to continue, but grim fate decreed otherwise, for Woodrow Wilson faced the great World War with the heroic spirit and fortitude that command the respect and appreciation of all citizens, irrespective of party, as our war president. His ardent crusade for world peace has been earnestly carried on by his successors.

Many happy hours have I spent with Warren G. Harding, a brother editor, on excursions, meeting folks who were just folks. When he was governor and senator, we met on the Chatauqua circuit, making our work of speaking twice a day a red-hot perspiring recreation. After the porch campaign at Marion I made a vacation trip with him to Panama. Under the witching moonlight and cheering winter sunlight, he returned ruddy and tanned, refreshed for the great work before him. With five million men out of employment, and many major strikes, a war aftermath situation that was appalling, he launched the Conference for the reduction of Naval Armament, which has already crystalized into a world-armament for a reduction of all armament.

There were few vacations for him until that last holiday in Alaska. There amid the grand, melancholy, impressive splendors of our farthest north frontier he mingled with the pioneer folks and the children he loved.

It was on my birthday nine years ago, July 18th, that the President hailed me while the "Henderson" was in port in Resurrection Bay, "Joe, let's play hookey this morning."

It was early morning, although the sun had been shining all night. We walked down the street, looking into the store windows. Passersby did not think that the president would be up at that early hour, but a group of little girls playing about intuitively recognized him.

"What's your name?" he inquired kindly, of one of them patting her on the head. "Constance," replied the little miss.

"What's your name?" of another. "Beulah." "That's a beautiful name."

And still another, with a doll. "My name's Florence." "That's a word that commands," he said with a smile, for it was the name of Mrs. Harding whom he called "The Duchess".

Walking in the dense woods towards the Methusala Springs, he referred to Mount McKinley which we had seen a few days before. "Joe that mountain is almost Alaska's landscape jewel. How appropri-

ately it has been named."

Little did I think of the tragedy to follow as he commented on that eternal snow-capped peak. It seemed like a great white altar cloth before the portals of heaven.

A few days later in San Francisco, he had gone on his long long journey, beloved, for a more loving heart never beat than that of the much maligned but kindly Harding whose fair name is now being cleared from the forked tongues of whispered lie and foul scandal. Many delegates to the Republican convention, vacation bound, stopped at Marion, to see the Memorial and pay their tribute to the memory of a president they admired and loved.

It is said the vacation retreat that Calvin Coolidge has enjoyed from the time he left home till this day is the old home at Plymouth, Vermont. Here in the light of a kerosene lamp, the oath of office was administered by his father before the dawn. On that first day as president of the United States his vacation was ended, and he left for Washington with tender memories of scenes associated with early childhood and the beloved parents. That holiday ended with cows in green pastures mooing and chickens joining in the early matin greeting to him as chief executive of the United States.

During the eventful seven years he was president there were two vacation events of Calvin Coolidge that stand out in history. I was with him in the Black Hills and saw him fishing all afternoon at Mystic without getting a bite. On the August day anniversary of his inauguration during his wild west holiday, in the land of the Dakotas, he penned a note on the school desk that has gone down in history "I do not choose to run for president in 1928." He had in mind the precedent of Washington, for this lad born on the Fourth of July in old Vermont was thoroughly versed in all details of history and the constitution.

His casual remark that no one should serve as president longer than Washington was called to mind when that crisp sentence cleared the political skies and led to the nomination of Herbert Hoover who had served in his cabinet. Coolidge had also been associated with him as vice-president, as he had been invited to meet with the Harding cabinet.

Later President Coolidge enjoyed a real holiday at the Brule, Wisconsin, near my old home where I edited a newspaper. This was the place where I knew he could catch fish, for I had caught them there in the entrancing forests in the land of Hiawatha on Lake Superior.

Now he is enjoying a vacation with honors in the old home in Vermont with an electric chandelier supplanting the kerosene lamp among other changes, but memories remain that endear the old home as his holiday retreat.

It is not difficult to record a history of the vacation days of President Hoover. They have been few and far between, ever since as an orphan, he left West Branch with its swimming hole and memories of his mother and father in early childhood. During his college years vacation time was a busy time with young Hoover. The habit

persists to this day. Since the fourth of March, 1929, the President has eliminated extended vacation tours and sought a few hours of relaxation in the mountains of the Old Dominion state not far away from his work. Here he has been able to commune again with nature that he loves and take a few long breaths of the atmosphere of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Here he has held conferences with Premier McDonald and other distinguished foreign visitors who have come to talk over world affairs with him face to face.

Following his inauguration came a succession of eruptions in world economic and political conditions that have required all the concentrated thought and energy of the chief executive to keep our ship of State on an even keel, while other countries have been badly shaken in the world-wide national upheavals.

Day after day and night after night, he has worked alone incessantly, and steadfastly, as the avalanche of accumulated troubles and acute situations poured upon him in that modest earnestness characteristic of his Quaker forbears.

A whiff at the pipe, with a mass of papers before him, he continues at work in the room at the White House where Lincoln worked, trying to unravel the tangled skein of circumstances and unexpected events as they showered upon him thick and fast. During this time he has aged with the incessant worriments, but persistently stays on the job with no thought of those spectacular vacations that have afforded some relief to other presidents in the man-killing job of the presidency.

Every true fairminded American, whatever partisan hopes or beliefs, will at least give a passing sympathetic thought that our President may enjoy a few days of rest fishing in the woods even during the boiler house noise and confusion of a presidential campaign.

A vacation greeting to the President of the United States in these dizzy dog days when all the world is seeking some respite and rest from the wearing routine of our lives seems appropriate.

The natural impulse, of vacation days brings us closer to an understanding of each other, away from strained formalities of temper and vanity for it is in these times that a real fellowship of humankind is revealed, amid the flowers and trees, God's best gift to man, speaking the language of Heaven. You can't look into the petals and hate.

The little squad of hollyhocks in the yard at home hailed me this morning with their trumpet-like blossoms in brilliant colors of the rainbow emblematic of Peace.

Let us whisper messages of friendliness in the petals of the flowers in your home or in the parks that you visit, to all humans including the President of the United States as he looks upon his favorite Canterbury bell blossoms at Rapidan, ringing out a welcome wish for a few happy hours to our commander in chief in these battling days facing the common enemy of Old Man Depression, with faith in our country's future, a dauntless hope for ourselves, and Lincoln's generous charity for all.

The Real Character of "David Grayson"

The true story of Ray Stannard Baker's life and personality clearly reveals the reason that his "David Grayson" books as well as his later works have been so widely read and admired

By JOHN F. COWAN

MILLIONS of readers of David Grayson's "Friendly Road" books, originally a serial in the *American Magazine*, were teasing their wits, ere the first captivating story was finished to guess who was the writer—for obviously "David Grayson" whoever he was, could be no neophyte, as the name indicated, but a trained, seasoned writer.

To one reader, who at that time had been a resident of Hawaii for years, the disclosure of his identity came as a pleasing little drama. Ray Stannard Baker came to Hawaii to study social conditions for a magazine article. He called upon me, one of the "brain-teasers," for data. He had been the guest of Dr. E. S. Goodhue, a mutual friend, in whose household he had become quite intimate with the little daughter, Dorothy. He presented her with a copy of a "David Grayson" book. As he handed it to her he pointed to an inscription on the fly-leaf.

"Presented to Dorothy Goodhue by her friend, the author, Ray Stannard Baker." And in parenthesis followed the pen name, "David Grayson." The cat was out of the bag.

The only person who had known this secret from the beginning was John S. Phillips, head of the syndicate that, in 1906, had bought the *American Magazine* that Ellery Sedgwick had built on the old *Frank Leslie's Monthly*. Not even the artist who illustrated the articles had an inkling as to their real authorship. Besides Phillips and Baker, the *American* staff consisted of Ida M. Tarbell, Peter F. Dunne, William Allen White, and the office editors.

In the beginning contributions by the staff far outnumbered purchased articles. This demand required the editors to ransack their notebooks for scribbler's "makings" of copy. Ray Stannard Baker had always been a note-book glutton, and out of his full notes he dug material for half a dozen instalments of "David Grayson," using fictitious locales and names.

His chief was delighted with these offerings and begged for more. And into his fat note-book Baker delved again and again, always bringing to his readers some fresh delight in the development of the genial, philosophic "David Grayson" whom readers grew to love, and to hunger for more of him.

Strange, too, originally the publication of these notes had been farthest from the intentions of their writer. They recorded his inmost experiences and personal interpretation of life, too intimate and unpolished to be paraded before the public. But opposed to that natural shrinking from trotting out his as yet not dressed-for-com-

pany brain children, was an innate yearning to take a hand in shaping the thinking of America. He had tried his free lance at reform by use of what some styled the "muckrake" though his rather sensational and biting articles on industrial and social evils had never been overdrawn. But perhaps he was disappointed with net results.

Other factors, too entered into his growing satisfaction in doing his "David Grayson" stuff. Always he felt a profound sympathy with the under dog against him a natural crusader. The hot blood of youth's revolt against patent, crying wrongs in society surged in his veins. And this new strategic line of attack upon underlying causes of unrest and class consciousness, that is, under the pseudonym of "David Grayson" disclosing to masses of readers the profound philosophy that life consists not in the abundance of things possessed, but in a state of contentment, this appealed to him as the avenue of real educational uplift that humanity needed. Anyway he led off in this demonstration through "Grayson," of gaining command of one's own spirit before attempting to reform others. His "Adventures in Contentment" reveal this. It was simply a process of Ray Stannard Baker, the real "David Grayson," coming into his own.

So, after ten years of anonymous writing, when the authorship was revealed, people who knew him best said, "Why yes, of course Ray Stannard Baker is David Grayson. He just suits the role."

But on another, more concrete side of it, the "David Grayson" readers are interested in "The Beginning of the Friendly Road" book, that appeared at precisely the psychological moment, when the public had been sated with battering-ram sensations in ink. The early life of Ray Stannard Baker, the formative circumstances of these stories—how they were begotten and whence was gleamed the material? are interesting queries. How and where did Ray Stannard Baker get his characters? When did he become so familiar with the inner minds of the men he pictures as to set himself up as their interpreter? What stimulated his meditations and observations about men to form themselves into these stories that flowed so entertainingly from his pen?

Just to find data for answering these and other upspringing questions that pique the curiosity of a host of "David Grayson" readers, I made a special trip to St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin, the early boyhood home of Ray Stannard Baker. It proved a feast of illuminating discoveries.

While "Ray" as they still call him at the old home, was born in Lansing, Michi-

gan, his parents, in 1870, took the boy to this Wisconsin home, then not far from the Indian frontier, with logging activities still dominating the turbulent river. Here, long-legged, eager-minded, he roamed and camped in the woods, studied animals and birds under the tutelage of trappers, bark-peepers, herb-harvesters and hoop-pole cutters, a few of whom I found still gypsying there, and who remembered Ray.

I also visited the shack of one who is a permanency, saw his canes, bows and arrows whittled for tourists, watched him empty pockets of carnelians that his trained eyes spied on his morning tramp, and enjoyed the feeding out of hand of his pet squirrel. He had been one of Ray's teachers.

I was shown the swimmin'-hole in the river where the embryo author glued his hair with river mud until it defied the maternal comb. I viewed the former home of the old gunsmith who became a character in one of the "David Grayson" books. I saw Ray's first bid for a place in the lime-light, in the "R. S. Baker" carved deep in the stone doorstep of the Baker Homestead, on which step the sometimes stern father used to marshall his six young stalwarts for their daily farm tasks.

It is related that, once, the absent-minded father started them to work on a Sunday morning, he so deaf that he could not understand their muttered protests at such a shocking sacrilege. He suspected that they wanted to shirk, and silenced every whimper with, "Come on, now! Don't hang back that way."

At least one of the boys coaxed voice enough to get attention and broke the damning news.

There likewise lingers a tradition that on a certain memorable occasion he threshed soundly all six of them because none would confess to mischief of which one was guilty.

One of the most interesting reminders of those days when the "Grayson" books were in the sap and bud was seeing the site of the crows' nest high up between three contiguous trees, to which Ray used to mount by a ladder in order to be alone to read and write.

His early schooling was in the woods, part of which his father planted, no less than in the village schoolhouse. He roamed under white birches straight enough for liberty poles, and pines so erect that it little wonder he grew straight and tall, and is straight-up-and-down in character.

On vacation visits here in later years, on the shores of Deer Lake along which his father's one-hundred twenty acres lie, he discovered or invented other likeable characters besides the gunsmith, and began

to fit them into situations where they would speak and act as he himself thought and was motivated. Thus through them, when he wrote, he was releasing a part of his own philosophy of life on the lips of his chief narrator, "David Grayson."

As to why he wrote thus, he himself tells, "I wrote because I had to; because it relieved and satisfied something in me. I have written more than one book and many an article that was pure toil, but every word of the 'Grayson' books was written from a sheer sense of release and joy that the writing gave me."

His sister remembers him saying when a boy, "I am going to write. You can't be a writer unless you always wanted to be."

And he had always wanted.

But, as already shown, he kept up a healthy balance between using his brain, and his body. The boys kept the Baker grounds groomed as spick and span as if for continual dress parade. He milked cows in the old barn where a greenhouse now stands. And, when at leisure, he wandered to the scenic dells of the St. Croix, or fished and canoed on the rushing river.

On occasion the boys also went to fish with their father in Deer Lake. A wagon would be loaded with camp equipment and food, behind which the boys trudged. Father would say,

"Now, you may stay as long as the provisions hold out."

On their return from the fishing trips to the lake, their mother noticed that the tin camp dishes were badly battered. The explanation of this leaked out—dishwashing devolved upon the boys. To hasten the moment of their plunge into the lake they would throw the dishes down the bank where they alighted on boulders.

Hunting and hiking were other favorite recreations. He is still a strenuous walker.

Ray's earliest writing for actual publication was a boy's story, published in *The Youth's Companion*; but before that he had told stories to his sisters. He was considerably older than they, and when he came home from Lansing on his vacations from the Michigan Agricultural College, he used to spin the nicest made-up stories. One was about a little brownie that lived in back of his home. He was sure it must have lived there, he gravely assured his open-mouthed listeners, because he had seen its tracks on the tops of the pumpkin pies.

He trained to perfection this knack of telling stories when a newspaper reporter on *The Chicago Record*. And by and by, in 1899, his first book was published, a "Boys' Book of Inventions," a copy of which he sent to his father with the inscription, "My First."

But it was not to be his last—or his best.

Of his first "Grayson" book, "Adventures in Contentment," he says, "I have tried to relate the experiences of that secret, elusive, invisible life which in every man is so far more real, so far more important than his visible activities—the real expression of life much occupied in other employments."

So we glean that the "Grayson" books were his side line, his diversion, yet his true

self. People who thought they knew him well have wondered how he, a city man, a college student, and office grind, could have gained the intimate knowledge he shows of the laborer, the farmer. But he had found time, always, to know folks.

When in Michigan, he tramped all over the country adjacent to Lansing, conversing with farmers, sometimes staying over night with them, or sauntering through pleasant little villages taking fresh inventories of human life and of nature.

"Since then," he tells, "I have walked much in New England, France, Arizona."

In his little garden in Lansing he spent hours digging down to the roots of things, and dreaming more deeply than most men. And so, slowly, the early "Grayson" papers accumulated in his note-books, though absolutely with no thought at that time of publication. Sometimes he jotted down merely catch-words, again copious notes. He always had a method in his madness. He explains, "A writer needs many sketches, as does a painter . . . the valueless sketches he can easily destroy; the worth-while ones he can fill in and perfect at leisure."

And out of such material, and in such ways, came the living, throbbing characters, old residents of St. Croix recognized as the old Scotch preacher who lived and preached there. Some most intimate with Mr. Baker have no doubt that in his book, "Great Possessions," he had in mind his own father who had an abnormal sense of smell—perhaps because of defective hearing, the result of Civil War wounds. He declared that he could smell an Indian farther away than most people could hear one; that he could smell the growth of crops in the fields; and it was jestingly told of him that he could smell a turn in the road.

For the genesis of his book, "Adventures in Understanding," we assume that after his return from his war experiences in France, where he was attached to the diplomatic corps as President Wilson's personal adviser, his mind was again taking up the threads of life in America.

The timeliness of his themes explains in part why the "David Grayson" writing touched so widely a responsive chord in the hearts of the American people and the whole world, for his books have circled the globe. In Great Britain, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and translated into several foreign tongues, they have found hundreds of thousands of grateful, appreciative readers.

No one has been more amazed at this generous response than has "David Grayson" himself. It was a consummation farthest from his dreams that this note-book stuff could ever make popular reading. What gives it that magnetic quality that compels men and women to react to it?

The only plausible answer is, his philosophy of friendship, of contentment, of understanding, is just what humanity hungered for; it speaks to our inmost souls in simple language that we understand.

And the "David Grayson" who gave us this rich legacy still lives in a beautiful home in Amherst, Massachusetts. He is still writing in this universal language of mankind. For his present home he chose

a hilltop because the view it affords reminds him of that boyhood home on the St. Croix. In Amherst he has a garden, bee-hives, fields. Here the greater part of "Hempfield," and the whole of "Great Possessions" and "Adventures in Understanding" were written.

The appeal of these books lies in the spiritual verities with which they deal, their optimism, their faith in human nature. Ray Stannard Baker's life philosophy is one of adjustment of life and conquest through patient striving. He knows this is possible of achievement because of the men and women he has found doing it, and of these he has written. And it is because his writings carry over that belief that they bless the reader with hope and joy.

"Happiness," he says, "is a rebound from hard work. One of the follies of man is to assume that he can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment. As well try to eat beauty. Happiness must be tricked. She loves to see men work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will not be found in the palaces, but lurking in corn-fields and factories and hovering over littered desks. She crowns the unconscious head of the busy child. If you work too long she fades sorrowfully away."

In a final analysis the elements contributing to enjoyment of Ray Stannard Baker's books who say how much of their color and atmosphere and spirit have been injected by those boyhood surroundings in the enchanting St. Croix Valley? Here he witnessed the exciting log drives of spring, when the little towns on both sides of the river were invaded by rough, hip-booted men armed with cant-hooks.

"Those were great days," mused an old-timer in my hearing, on the postoffice steps. "The river was choked with logs and the log-drivers drifted in here nights and were choked with whiskey and fight."

One day this spot, with its beautiful Interstate Park on both banks, in the rushing waters between which there is exciting canoeing and game fishing, with the picturesque dells the beauties of which one explores with bated breath lest wood nymphs leap forth; this enchanted land of the "Green Timber" as Thurlow Lieurance and Charles O. Ross have immortalized it in their plaintive Indian songs; this valley of Ray Stannard Baker, where he, and his fellow song-writer and lyricist come to neighbor together, will be a mecca to which hundreds of pilgrims appreciative of their genius will come to pay tribute.

But the mind and pen of Ray Stannard Baker have been engaged recently on an even greater work than that which made the name "David Grayson" a household word on several continents. He has been busied as the official biographer of the late President Woodrow Wilson, by his especial request, and has given to the world the inner history of those troublous times when kings were dethroned and high reputations destroyed or clouded with shadows that only clear light of truth can clear away.

But "David Grayson" is already enthroned where "all the king's horses and all the king's men" cannot pull him down.

Carrying on the Joys of the Fourth of July

The Nation's Birthday continues the high spot of celebrations, reflecting the Spirit of '76—Changes in the customs of observance in succeeding generations do not affect the old time thrill of our country's natal day

ON this beautiful and sedate Sunday it is difficult to realize that there was a time when "the night before" began the Fourth of July demonstrations. First the skirmish line was indicated by a few snapping firecrackers by anticipating youth, which kept on increasing until long after midnight. At dawn the big blacksmith anvil loaded with giant gun powder boomed and flashed with the first rays of the rising sun. Then developed the idea of a safe and sane celebration of the Fourth, saving a few lives as well as a few fingers, but the exuberance of Uncle Sam's birthday goes bravely on despite the fact that automobiles continue to take a much greater tragic toll of life and limb every day of the year than any celebration of the glorious Fourth.

Following the custom of our chats after church, let us see who there might be in Boston for us to visit with this week.

The former president of Mexico spent this 1932 Fourth of July in Boston. It was a happy day for him for Senora Calles is recovering from the operation at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. Well I remember the first time I met the "Iron Man" of Mexico. He was then president of the sister Republic and I returned with him on the steamer "George Washington" from Germany, which he had visited on a mission of vital importance to his country. There were then rumors of his leaning toward Bolshevism, but after meeting him, I for one was convinced that it was only one of those wild open war rumors. President Calles has the blood of the ancient Aztecs in his veins, and Mexico has never been successfully ruled except by one of Indian descent.

His association with the late Dwight W. Morrow led to the reestablishment of amiable relations between the neighboring countries. When Mr. Morrow arrived at the hacienda of President Calles to complete the negotiations, he was asked by Mr. Calles as to the whereabouts of the American interpreter and attorney. With that smile of sincerity that has always commanded confidence Mr. Morrow replied "Your interpreter and your attorneys are quite sufficient to represent me." This expression of confidence made a lasting impression on the Mexican people, who celebrate their Fourth of July in the merry Maytime.

This week included a gala day in Boston. Braves Field in the afternoon suggested a scene of ancient Athens or imperial Rome in the height of their glory, giving the citizens an outdoor holiday event that brought them together with the inspiration of personal contact. The presence of Jack

Sharkey, with his crown, Francis Ouimet the golf champion and the baseball team who hopes to win the pennant, Amelia Earhart Putman and other notables gave the people of Boston a chance to see those who have occupied front-page space and won national distinction. The great throng assembled was as large as that attending the national convention in Chicago and distinctly more good-natured—but they did know how to boo.

What a tribute it was to the generous and sporting spirit of the people to see twenty-two thousand hopeful individuals cheering and making merry while the Unemployment Fund, as arranged by Mayor James Curley, was recruited with needed dollars.

That eight inning was like the classic scene at Mudville with Casey at the bat. The Red Sox had not a single score, the Braves two runs, two men were out, two strikes and three balls, and no one was on base. Then came the swat that led to panic among the Braves and the sturdy Red Sox scored six runs, making it seem like a real oldtime game in the sand lots.

Chicago convention echoes bring us waves of fame for Massachusetts people. Governor Ely's nomination speech was counted a masterpiece, delivered with the fiery eloquence of "The Cross of Gold" and "Crown of Thorns" and followed with thrilling and spectacular ovations.

Rose Zulalian who went to Chicago to lead the singing the Star Spangled Banner covered herself with glory when she was called to render "My Hero" from the "Chocolate Soldier," at the insistence of the enthusiastic audience. Ex-mayor J. F. Fitzgerald led in the barber-shop harmony of Sweet Adeline which has been a feature of national Democratic conventions. Mayor Curley with a proxy from a Porto Rico delegate and wearing the golden lei of good cheer was able at last to vote and speak for Roosevelt in the convention to which he was denied election.

The all night session from 9 P. M. to 9 A. M. found some loyal radio fans standing by hoping to get the first news of the nomination. The "next day", Franklin D. Roosevelt made the dash to Chicago by airplane to appear before the convention and receive the formal notification of his nomination in person. And now the campaign is on.

Can appreciate Gov. Roosevelt's bumpy flight to the windy city after my journey to the west over the clouds. It was a great adventure for the Democratic presidential candidate and established a precedent for a presidential nomination notification. His

address was the opening gun of the presidential campaign. Now we can all go woozy over politics in the dizzy dog days.

As the bands played "On Wisconsin" with chairman Thomas Walsh presiding it recalled my days with him in the Badger state before he heeded the call "Go West" to Montana, his ability was manifest then in his choice diction and keen and analytical mind. His first fee as a young lawyer was a fat pig which a grateful former client gave him for legal services in saving his other porkers in attachment proceedings.

Somehow, national conventions are associated with my early memories of the Fourth of July. With my eye on the pop stand and the tub containing the pink lemonade, I sang the Star Spangled Banner with a surer footing on the high notes than I since have been able to attain. A singed pair of seersucker trousers indicated that I had sat on the business end of a sizzling fizzle-cracker.

Then came the dignified days of playing in the brass band, and, believe me—Oh Boy—the Fourth of July was a great day. We received one silver dollar and a watermelon feed for our services. I first started with the bass drum, but was off time, and they promoted me to second alto, where I had an after beat, "umph-ah" toot in a two-four quickstep. Later I found myself in the clarinet squad. Talk about your jazz band performances. I could run the upper and lower register of that clarinet with a dry tongue. Of course, there were a few extra squeaks or shrills—but Oh Lord, how bird-like I could trill with that first finger. What did it matter for Hank Mitchell played the tuba and he could drown even that pipe organ in Convention Hall when he let forth a blast. But Wildy Devore with his slide trombone was the hero. He made it crack like in a circus band or a minstrel show parade, blowing a blue note now and then in close ranks, with no room for a full slide. His short toots sounded like a fire engine running wild. How we did swelter in those padded uniforms and bear-skin hats. Little Bunty Morgan was absolutely lost when one admirer pushed the hat down over his head while he was tripple-tonguing his cornet, hoping to catch up with the trombones six bars ahead on the repeat. Yes, they said it was music, and we felt very proud when the mayor remarked, "The Hawk-Eye Silver Cornet Band is equal to any metropolitan organization I have ever heard." Incidentally the mayor had never been farther from home than Columbus Junc-

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In the Glory of Graduation Days

American Youth with Courage Undaunted take up the Duties of Citizenship, seeking to establish Themselves in the Real Responsibilities of Getting a Job and a Start in Life

AFTER church on Sunday I find the folks around me talking about Graduation Day! Lively discussions continue between Mary, Susan, Ann and Jane about the graduation dresses that they have made for themselves—while mother looked on. White remains the standard color, perhaps associated with the dream of wedding gowns to follow.

The organ is still playing as the people leave the church, continuing neighborly comment far down the sunny street as to "my son, my daughter graduates this year."

The rare days in June of which Lowell sang evoke memories of school days. Why not begin our visit by recalling my high school days which may be a counterpart of your own.

There was "Pansy" Butler the principal (and he was a daisy) who interested boys and girls in athletics in the gay Eighties. Later as a congressman he ardently advocated making the pansy a national flower, for did he not marry Pansy Stedman, the demure little assistant school teacher, with bewitching dimples.

Then came Ellen Rice, a stalwart young woman from New Hampshire, who knew how to handle unruly boys—with a horse-whip hung behind the door. An advance guard of the modern woman, self-reliant and practical, she taught physiology by taking the class to the slaughter house, fortified with a bottle of perfumery. Botany was studied in the open fields and we classified favorite flowers, looking into the eyes of each other—with thoughts far away from text books.

And then there was young Jim Shearer, tall, gaunt, a lad of nineteen, who somehow managed to convince the school board that he was capable of handling the unruly lot, although not of legal age. He soon won the boys, because he was one of us at recess time. He organized the Ethiopian Satellites, a minstrel show, gave plays and recited Shakespeare. A handsome young man with a curly lock, he had little difficulty in making the girls toe the mark.

Those were the days when smoking was prohibited, but when we found that Professor Jim was equal to privately smoking one of Beany Brown's "two for five" cigars, he was more than ever a hero with the boys.

A crack runner in Black Hawk Hose Company No. 1, which accompanied the hand pump fire engine to the creek, when Pete Frisbie's barn burned, and "orator of the day" on Memorial Day, added to his

distinction as a leader of the young people.

To this day we think of Professor Shearer as a pupil instead of a teacher. As an eminent lawyer today in Minneapolis, he still keeps in touch with his boys and girls.

June fifth is Father's Day to me. The birthday of a dear Dad who loved his children as he did his wife, his home and his roses. He sacrificed much that his boys might keep on at school after the reverses.

The old plow shoes he wore were well blacked when he went to church on Sunday. The money saved by wearing these brogans helped out mother's butter and egg fund for the college fund.

Only this morning I was sitting in his big chair with reveries awakened by a picture on the wall of the loved face of a sainted father that beamed so kindly on my high school graduation day.

In West Branch, Iowa, a few miles away, another father had laid aside his leather black-smith's apron and was on his way to the Quaker church with his sons and daughters for whom he worked at the anvil late at night. Jesse Hoover, with the mother, Hulda Hoover, saved money for the life insurance premium that was to later educate a president of the United States.

Every graduation day exercise should include some remembrance of the fathers and mothers who have made many sacrifices that their boys and girls might continue on and receive the high school honors that may have been denied to them.

Now the curtain rises on college days. Mother insisted on selling the stiff-legged cow and heifer in order to provide funds for her sons to make at least a start in higher education. The funds melted away quickly in oyster suppers and shows in the "City". Then I was retained by Dean Harlan to look after the herd of bovines (called cows on the farm.)

This included complete morning and evening treatments from manicuring the hoofs to beribboning the tails for the county fair, to say nothing of developing wrist muscles in milking at four-thirty in the morning instead of attending the gymnasium at eight. I was janitor at the girls "Sem," providing kindling wood and ladders. In return they told me I could be a "brother" and wrote in my autograph album "thine forever".

In the winter when I entered for breakfast, the girls moved far from me, as I sat thawing out cowshed aroma near the stove. They did not see the romance of a farmer's life, so there I ate my oatmeal and prunes in quiet isolation.

Rule No. 12 was the ghostly barrier that forbade the co-eds grouping and calloping on the campus or lingering in Lover's Lane later than the curfew hour, no matter how witching might be the moonlight or how tempting the Asa Camp's grape vines beyond the pasture.

Out of the thousands of graduates in this co-ed institution, there is a record of only one divorce, and a large percentage of the students later assumed the vows of wedded responsibility with fellow students.

Literary society meetings on Friday nights were the hours where Youth's young fancy had full play. The following morning culprits assembled in Room 200 to explain the speed limit of violating the ominous No. 12.

Memories of "Prexy" King and his whiskers bring to mind his Jumbo overshoes beside the pulpit. Taking off his overshoes like a Moslem was a ceremony. He was away much of the time, raising the money to keep the college going, but the latch string was always out at his home in the grove to welcome the students. Then there was "Specky" Norton, the beloved veteran, who taught unpopular Greek, but his short staccato prayers in chapel restored him in favor. There was Colonel "Nick" Knight, who was dubbed "Mephistopheles" in the magic of his laboratory work. He made over a thousand experiments, proving that the rain water descending from the clouds on Iowa's fertile farms, carried the salts containing nitrogen, chlorides and sulphates, and washed into the fair acres of productive Iowa "where the tall corn grows."

Looking back over those days I find that the literary societies and social contacts with self-reliant ambitious young people remain an outstanding memory. The education is nothing more than learning the rules and then knowing how to go on without them.

Later when I was called back to receive a degree of M.A. I could not resist the forensic oratorical impulse of early days. Turning to the faculty and facing the big throng in the tent, I declaimed:

"This is not the degree I sought. Ever since I passed the portals of old Cornell and watched the pump evolve into a hydrant and the witchery of Lovers Lane with its

electric light now no longer useful for the arts of civilization, I have felt that the degree that counts in life is M. A. N. When the world can point to Joe Chapple and say, 'There is a man in the full and unmeasured sense of the word' it will not require a parchment and blue and yellow ribbons to apprise me of the fact. That is the degree which comes in the slow but wonderful processes of the building of character."

And now I wonder if that was really I speaking with self assertion.

After diplomas comes the entrance into the real school of life and let us go avisting for a while with some of the eminent teachers whom I have met in my wanderings about the country as a newspaper man and magazine editor. The first one that comes to my mind is the late Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, President of the Armour Institute in Chicago. Who can ever forget his inspiring talks, his kindly interest in young people, his thrilling perorations, his lofty ideals! In our chats he referred often to the great preacher, Bishop Phillips Brooks of Boston as the one who taught him how to think, talk and feel for his fellow man.

My first meeting with the late Charles W. Eliot of Harvard was when he had stopped to adjust his bicycle, which he rode mornings, in front of my home in Brookline. Recognizing him from his pictures and without waiting for a formal introduction, I applied biceps and my knowledge of bicycles and received from him not only a kindly handshake and a smile—but an invitation to come and see him. The few visits that I had with President Eliot confirmed in my mind the preeminence of the distinguished president of Harvard as a leader of modern education. The poise, the light of intelligence, reflected in the depth of his eyes, the diction in which his thoughts were expressed, made one forget the large red birthmark on his face, which beamed with the radiance of a sympathetic understanding of humankind in its perplexing emotions and muddled thinking.

In the shades of Harvard I met John Fisk, the historian, big and stout, and even jolly. A philosopher in observations he could vivify the driest fact of history into an incident of current interest. Succeeding him came Albert Bushnell Hart, now the veteran professor emeritus of History, who has rendered monumental service in this bicentennial year in bringing forth the hitherto unknown high spots and human greatness of George Washington.

In a smoking room of a Pullman car, I had my first visit with A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard. Struggling with a cigar on which the wrapper was broken, I came to his rescue with a smoke with a gay crimson band on it, left over from the banquet of the night before. After giving me the "once over" with those keen blue gladiatorial eyes and lifting his moustache from his lips, he proceeded with the most eloquent plea for peace that I have ever heard. This was long before the League of Nations. He was on his way for conference with William Howard Taft to discuss plans of the League to Enforce Peace that has since evolved the threat of boycotting Japanese trade unless she desisted from her invasion

by force of arms. During the entire chat Harvard was not mentioned—for the Lowells are modest, in spite of the tradition that the Lowells speak only to the Cabots and the Cabots speak only to God.

A visit to Wellesley with Katharine Lee Bates is a sweet remembrance awakened every time I hear her wonderful hymn, "America, the Beautiful." A frequent contributor to my National Magazine I have just read in the files many other poems that reflect the genius of Katharine Lee Bates. Wellesley girls will never forget the inspiration of this matronly appearing and gentle-voiced English teacher who led them through the tangled skeins of metre and rhyme in the travail of writing their first bit of verse following a heavy date.

In the shades of old Nassau, I met that grand old man of Princeton, Dr. John G. Hibben, recently retired. My nephew and namesake was a student at the time and when I proclaimed the relationship Dr. Hibben kindly smiled, "That may be nothing against him, but I don't think it will help the young man in his examination marks." Dr. Hibben was with his friend Edison at the time he invented the electric light and his tribute to the Wizard of Menlo Park on the fiftieth anniversary of the event remains a classic in the records and chronicles of American industrial development.

Looking over that landscape loved by the alumni I thought of how the surrounding "green pastures" helped to make historic Princeton a retreat for scholastic pursuits. Not far away was the home where Grover Cleveland lived in the days of his triumphal retirement. At this juncture my nephew arrived, attired gloriously in orange tie, orange socks, orange shoes, a hat inlaid with orange silk and with a beaming sunny smile, saluting me, "Unkie, the game's on this afternoon. I'm off! Could you appropriately lend me a few berries that have an orange glow to wager and meet the banter of the crimsoned Harvard lads who are going to witness the Waterloo of their team as for as Princeton is concerned."

My Princeton pilgrimage was complete when I sat in the presence of Henry Van Dyke. I had read his epigrams on the walls on my rooms in a "frat club eating house" not far from the old fence at Yale. Now, boys, don't throw bricks. I should have said "fraternity" house. In measured tones and a voice eloquently intoning his words, Dr. Van Dyke honored me with verbal epigrams that will be associated with the framed mottoes on the walls and the samplers of "God Bless Our Home" worked by Grandmother—treasured memories suggesting the inspiring sentiments portrayed so impressively by the beloved Henry Van Dyke.

On the eve of her departure for Geneva, I met Dr. Mary E. Woolley, the honored and admired president of Mount Holyoke. She had just completed a wonderful address to an audience of a thousand men. As the first woman ever appointed by a president on an international commission, it was agreed by those present that President Hoover had made no mistake in establishing a precedent. Her resonant voice and closely-knit phrases have a scholastic

clearness, and the earnest plea and arguments were most convincing. From that meeting we went to a boy's club where she greeted the lads with that same gracious charm and magnetic personality that have won the student body of the first women's college in the country, established by Mary Lyons. Her work in Geneva speaks for itself. Under the inspiring leadership of such women as Mary E. Woolley, the college woman is emerging as a potent factor in political and economic affairs—not only for the nation but for the world at large.

Under a scorching sun of golden California, "quite exceptional," you know, I looked upon a massed student body of Leland University assembled in the Bowl at Palo Alto. The occasion was a notification to Herbert Hoover, a graduate of their Alma Mater, that he had been nominated for the presidency of the United States by the party who named Abraham Lincoln. Wandering through the grounds and buildings in the morning hours, I visited the haunts of the Iowa orphan lad who had gone west and grown up with the country.

There was the opening through which he received the laundry of fellow students, and the rooms where he slept and also the dining room where he passed grub to his fellow students while working his way through college.

When Mr. Hoover arrived from his home in the hills an ovation was given the modest nominee that rivalled that of any great football hero on their own grids. And in these glorious June days, despite the burdens and task of going to the Capitol and verbally spanking Congress into action in balancing the budget I am prone to believe that the President of the United States is having his own graduation day reveries, recalling the glances of a certain young lady that conveyed something more than the mere admiration of a co-ed.

At that time I met Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur then a loved teacher, tall and lank, now Secretary of the Interior, who knows the in and outs interior of college life.

It may be because I am one of the trustees, but one educational institution that comes close to my heart is the New England Conservatory of Music. This reminds me to point with pride to the fact that there are more college students in and around Boston than any other one city in the world.

My mother was a music teacher. In early years I imbibed a love of the art divine. One of the best instructors I ever had in going over editorial material was the late Dr. George W. Chadwick, who was then director, and famed as one of America's most eminent composers. Conferring day after day with the late Mr. Victor Herbert and Mr. Chadwick in making the selections for the Heart Songs book, I had a liberal education in the affinity of words and music, as exemplified in the songs that touched the hearts of thousands of people. It was amazing to see Mr. Herbert sit down at the desk before us and write a page of music without any sort of an instrument in sight, as I would a page of manuscript.

King Alphonso: Voluntary Exile and Patriot

A visit with the much misunderstood ruler in his retreat at Fontainebleau reveals his innate nobility and undying love for his native Spain

By NENA BELMONTE

EVENTS in Spain came much quicker than any human imagination could have guessed. In just twenty-four hours, not as a result of a war but of pacific elections, the ancient and powerful Bourbon family left the Throne of Spain, and the old noble country of history and traditions became a modern and supposedly progressive Republic.

It is useless to point out once more the courage of Don Alfonso. If he had placed his ambition before the love to his country, he would still be there sustained by the power of arms. But he chose to give Spain the present of a bloodless revolution. History will some day point him out as one of the greatest and most capable modern European Monarchs.

After forty four years of reign, he left Spain in a greatly progressive state. It wasn't like that when he took the reins of the Government. To him owes his country everything she is today. It was he alone who saved her from so many intrigues during the European War. He helped and encouraged all sorts of modern movements. And unfortunately it was just that progressive behaviour that made quicker the fall of the Spanish Monarchy.

The good things that the Dictatorship did were not credited to him, on the contrary, all its errors were blamed on King Alfonso.

We must not forget that Spanish people are very temperamental. In 1923 they wanted the Dictatorship. They cheered Primo de Rivera; they pressed the King to take him. Primo de Rivera did many good things, but he was human and also committed errors. One of them, the worse, was to stay too long. The country that once loved him, then hated him. He was obliged to go. The hate of the populace followed him to exile. Then he died and the people turned around looking for somebody they could blame for his failures. They decided on the King. All the campaigns that once were directed against the Dictator, now were directed against Don Alfonso. Then the active propaganda of the Republicans and the apathy of the Monarchists brought the sudden and unexpected ending. The Royalists didn't do a thing. They arranged meetings among themselves and talked about the advantages of a Monarchy. What was the good of that? None! The mobs were those that should be reached and nobody dared to do it. The Republicans had a free field and they used it. The end came and it was a surprise. It shouldn't have been. They deserved it. The fall of the Monarchy wasn't due to the strength of

the Republicans but to the apathy of the Monarchists. Nobody but they are to be blamed for it!

Before the fall of the Monarchy all the calumnies, all the attacks against Don Alfonso were directed by the Republicans. They had a right to do it. He was the alive symbol of the regime they wanted to overthrow. It was easy for them. The Royalist Governments didn't try the slightest thing to stop them. A really surprising and strange attitude!

And while absurd stories little by little were poisoning the minds of the masses, the advisers of the King kept on lying to him... making him believe that the mobs knew of the bitter and hard hours he spent at work trying to arrange the affairs of the Nation....

However the calumnies, horrid as they were, still somehow seemed natural coming, as they did, from the lips of his enemies. What has no excuse, what is simply outrageous is that those same calumnies and lies should be told now that he no longer is there, by men who more than once ruled with him the destinies of Spain. If there are no reasons created or discovered after April 14th, 1931 to blame Don Alfonso for it is not his ex-friends and ex-Ministers who have a right to insult him. The least they could do, if fear doesn't allow them to defend him, is to be silent and keep a respectful feeling of gratitude and affection toward the man who made them everything they are to-day.

I remember when we came to this country in 1926. My Father had died hardly a year before. His main idea had always been to have my brother and myself educated in the United States. He wanted us to learn how to work and like it.—North America was the best country for that.—After his death mother wanted to carry on his projects. Her decision made, and remembering the King's words at the audience when she thanked him for his condolence at my father's death, she went to him again: "I approve of your idea—he had said when she told him about her projects for our education—I not only approve of it, but will help you in everything that is necessary". She had thanked him for his kindness. His words had been encouraging after the opposition of our family.

The King kept his word. He helped us in everything to arrange our trip. When she thanked him with all her heart he stopped her: "Don't thank me at all—he interrupted—it is for my own convenience that your boy is educated in the United States. There he will learn how to work, how to be

useful to society. He will be an American business-man and at the same time a Spanish gentleman.... An asset to Spain when he returns...." And smiling he added: "Oh! how I wish all the members of my nobility would do the same thing with their children. It would make the young Spanish generation useful and powerful.... The United States undoubtedly offers the best training to form a working youth".

At last everything settled, the date of our sailing was fixed. Once more mother saw His Majesty, this time to say good-bye.

"I am giving you some letters of introduction—he told her—for good friends of mine in the United States. I want them to know who you are. In a country like that where so many strange people go it is necessary that from the moment of your arrival your position in Spain is clearly established." Then he gave her advices, he explained how North-Americans were, what she should do. He spoke with such knowledge that she couldn't help asking him: "Has Your Majesty ever been incognito to the United States?" He laughed amused at her question. "Never!—he replied—but it is such an interesting country and so fascinating, that I have always followed its life carefully".

Now after five years here, mother has to say that the King wasn't mistaken in a single one of the opinions he gave her about North-America and its people.

His last words on that occasion, were to say: "And don't forget! In me you will always find your King and your friend!"

Then... Two years went by. The disaster arrived. His Majesty left Spain. We saw him in the exile at Fontainebleau.

Mother's impression was tremendous. He had avoided seeing almost everybody. Every new person he talked to, meant remembrances of bitter hours... Still he made an exception in our case. We lived far away; we had come to see him... our family had always been near him and at his service...

When after receiving the message that he was waiting, she went to the first floor of the Hotel Savoy, his valet met her there and directed mother to the King's sitting-room.... The Duke of Miranda announced her arrival. The door was opened and there standing in the middle of the room was Don Alfonso. It was a small and simple place. A few chairs, a table and some flowers... she was bitterly impressed. Where all the Alabarderos, aides-de-camp, friends and palatines? Where all the ceremony and brilliancy of the Court she used to see at Madrid?

It all seemed like a bad dream, from

which she would awake to a pleasant reality. Was everything gone forever...?

Then she looked at him, the King, and hope came back to her. He approached smiling, with a smile full of sadness and charm, and kissed her hand. "How do you Marquesa?" he inquired respectfully. She looked at him with painful surprise. It was the custom of the Spanish Court that the King always addressed the members of the nobility and his personal friends by their first name. He had always addressed her that way. Why didn't he do it now? And then the realization came to mother. The King wasn't any longer on the Throne. He felt he couldn't treat his people as before... She admired him more for that chivalrous attitude. "...Please Your Majesty,—she replied—don't address me like that!" His face brightened up and his smile became happier. "Thanks very much—he exclaimed moved—Then... how are you?" The first gentleman of Spain!

They sat and talked. In the midst of his suffering and worries he had a delicate detail. Knowing mother's love for us his first words were for my brother and myself. "How is your son?"—he inquired—I know he is working very hard and making a success of his work... I am proud of him... Tell him so... And your daughter, she writes... Tell her to go on, to make a name for herself...!" And after a pause he added: "I told you that North-America was great to educate young people..." He remained thoughtful for a moment and then he continued: "How different it would have been if more Spaniards had been brought up in their working methods..."

When they talked about Spain he was sad but never bitter. He didn't have an unkind word for anybody. She mentioned some of his former friends and supporters now members of the Republican Government. "It's just life—he explained—life and human nature..." And at her questions he went on: "I don't want to put the slightest encumbrance in the way of the Republican Government. They are the Government of Spain, and Spain is before everything and everybody."

Mother expressed our monarchist sentiments, now stronger than ever. "You are right—he said—and still before everything else we all are Spaniards... If the Republic places Spain at the head of the world, I will be the first one to be happy that it came, and you all will be happy with me... If not" The sentence wasn't finished. He remained thoughtful for a moment. Then sadly he talked again: "You know... I could have won the battle that night. I had the means to do it, but... What afterwards? Probably the civil war... the shedding of Spanish blood on my account and that was out of the question... I would never have a drop of it spilled for me... The Country wanted me to go and I left! I won't go back unless it is by the free will of my people... if they call me..." And then seeing her increasing interest he added while smiling sadly: "I might have committed errors sometimes but in everyone of my actions I was always guided by my great love for Spain... I left her when I realized she

didn't want me any longer... but believe me, it took much more courage to do what I did than it would have taken to die fighting over there..."

He didn't have a feeling of hatred for anyone. He even excused the attitude of men who had suddenly changed their ideas. At a question he replied: "I haven't made any declarations and I won't make any. Spain will never be able to say that either my word or my actions interfered with her happiness and progress."

This noble and great attitude of Don Alfonso impressed mother most strongly. Her heart entirely monarchist, and monarchist of Alfonso XIII, was very much moved. They talked still for a while. Then curiously she inquired: "Will Your Majesty ever come to the United States?" He smiled at a pleasant prospect. "I will—he replied—I will, but I don't know when... I want to know that Country, so great so young, and so powerful!"

At last he got up. The audience was over. "You must excuse me now he said—the Queen is waiting for me, I have to go out with her".

Mother left that room, a room in a Hotel somewhere in France, with her heart broken but at the same time full of hope, for there in that simple place remained the man who by the will of his people was no longer King, but who always and above everything had proved his love for Spain! And she will realize it some day!

Foreign Countries realize it already, and sympathize with him. An example is what a famous French journalist told me just before leaving France: "There is just one thing that I can say about King Alfonso—he explained—We French people will never forget what he did for us during the War. First showing us his attitude. Second showing us his kindness and interest for our wounded and the families of those dead or disappeared in the battle-field. We always have shown him our feelings of devotion and love. Now that he no longer is on the Throne we will show him more than ever..."

Spain is a Republic... For how long? Nobody can say, but if we believe the words of Miguel de Unamuno, the great Spanish writer and prominent Republican leader it won't be for very long. In one of his speeches made shortly before the fall of the Monarchy Unamuno said: "The only thing for the King to do is to leave Spain. He should take a trip somewhere; Argentine for instance. They love him very much over there and very often have invited him to come over. While he is there collecting ovations and friends the Cortes Constituyentes will decide in Spain whether the country wants to be a Republic or a Monarchy. Should Monarchy remain all the King would have to do would be to come back, and his already great figure would have new glories and merits to add to his prestige... But it might happen too that the Cortes Constituyentes would decide to have a Republic. In that case all the King would have to do would be to continue his trip... Go to Chile, Peru, Ecuador... in other words, gain a few months because by the time he reached Panama,

for instance, there would be such a mess in Spain and the Republicans would have done so many stupid things that the Spanish people would beg him to come back and he would be hailed as the desired King..."

These words simple as they may seem, but coming from such an outstanding personality as Miguel de Unamuno have a tremendous value... They might paint clearly what the result of the Republican movement in Spain will be. In the meantime the King lives in exile; a most simple and quiet life. He can't afford any other. Against what has been said, Don Alfonso is not a millionaire by any means. He is not even a wealthy man. All the money that he was able to dispose of, during his reign, about 85 million pesetas, he invested mostly in Spanish enterprises, always ready to give every kind of help and support to the national industry. Not even a fourth of it did he have in Foreign Countries...

And even more, he not only invested in Spanish concerns, but did it with new companies, that being a novelty, had a doubtful future. However he never hesitated in helping them. There is for instance a certain new popular concern of Madrid, to which the King gave a million pesetas before starting and another million when it was already working. There is another example in that company for the fishing industry on the cantabric coast. Don Alfonso gave to them everything they needed to make it a success. Every one can check up on what has been called the fabulous wealth that King Alfonso has in Foreign Countries. Just seeing the way he lives, so simply, without luxury, having reduced his expenses to almost nothing, is a good proof of it...

But he is a wise man. What he has done with the Infante Don Juan shows it. The young boy has entered the English Naval Academy. His future is already assured. He is one less worry for the King. The Infante Don Gonzalo will also follow some career... Oh! If Don Alfonso could thus assure the future of the other members of his family...! The rumors about the wealth of the Spanish Monarch are completely ridiculous. And although he won't find himself hard up, he won't be able either to live a luxurious life...

What will he do in the future? What will his life be? Time will tell... He will probably stay in France, living there in exile... If his Country calls him back he will go there... If not he will always work for her... winning friends and sympathies for Spain... that ungrateful Spain... that however he loves more than anything else in life...

Don Alfonso! A king of romance...! A King of courage...! A King who smiles...!

History will some day do justice to the great man, whose only crime was to love his Country over everything... Spain, always great, always noble, though now temporarily blinded by luring promises that never will be accomplished will eventually understand...!

Don Alfonso! A great Monarch...! But above all a great gentleman...!

Famous Folk During the Dizzy Dog Days

Pastime of many of the Prominent People during the Summer Play Time—Vacations enjoyed where Rest and Re-creation go with Recreation Days

THE theme that seems to be now dominant with the Pilgrim of the Air spending his vacation at home suggests chatting over some little visits enjoyed with big folks in my editorial work. In my *Pleasure Book*, where is recorded some happy event of every day for many years in sunshine and shadow, are many notations of meeting celebrities in their holiday moods.

The record is so full it is difficult to know where to begin, but there comes to my mind, first, the day with Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone, Henry Ford and John Burroughs, in their camp in the Maryland woods some years ago.

Seated under a tree, the Wizard of Menlo Park looked upon his pals chopping wood. His grim comment was, "They are going through the motions anyway." Stretching out on his back, he looked up through the leaves at the sky, and remarked, "After the earth is conquered there is the sky, and our friend Ford is already trying out the highways up there. Gosh, that bacon smells good," he concluded, arousing himself as the dinner bell rang.

At Clinton, New York, amid the classic shades of the campus at Hamilton College where he was born, Elihu Root is enjoying his vacation this year. In the full rich splendor of his illustrious career, he took me for a walk, and gave the Latin name for every one of the two hundred and thirty-two trees on his place.

"I love these trees," said the statesman who created the governments of Cuba, Panama and the Philippines, "because they seem like cheery companions always growing and ready to respond to the call of nature, no matter what the season may be."

A few years ago I visited with Adolph Ochs at his home on Lake George. Vacation greetings to him this year include congratulations on his speedy recovery from a recent operation. Around the old home in Chattanooga, under the shadow of Lookout Mountain, I visited with him and Mrs. Ochs long before his dreams of owning the *New York Times* had crystallized. In those vacation days I caught a gleam of the ambition and lofty ideals that created one of America's great newspapers. Also visited with him at his favorite haunts in Spain and other parts of Europe where he gathered inspiration for that broad world view that has made his paper a great source of international information.

In picturesque Provincetown is Colonel E. M. House, prominently identified as the Sphinx-like chief executive counselor and maker of cabinets in the Wilson administration. He also had much to do with the campaign resulting in the nomination of Frank-

lin Roosevelt. This quiet and genial "unknown" from Texas was in the thick of European affairs during the World War. Under pressure in Paris during the Peace Conference, I have walked with him down the Rivoli as he referred to the days before the United States entered the war when we enjoyed sea breezes together at Magnolia on the North Shore.

With the adjournment of Congress Senator William Edgar Borah will return to Idaho and his rambles among the orchards where I have eaten red apples with him, as he commented on Idaho potatoes in particular and foreign relations in general. As former President Coolidge remarked, "The horse which Senator Borah rides always goes the same way that the senator goes." Last year Senator Borah spent six weeks at Poland Springs, Maine, drinking water like a real dry that he is.

There is a fascination in visiting a novelist in vacation days. One feels as if he were moving among the characters created in books. Temple Bailey in vacation time at Florida and Biddesford, Maine gave me some real inside gossip concerning characters in her books, and they seemed to be there with us listening in.

Not far away at Kennebunk I sat with Booth Tarkington who told how he used to write his novels by first making a drawing of his characters and from the rough pen sketches made a description in words. One time when I visited him in Indianapolis he was much disturbed by the odors of a doughnut factory nearby, while he worked under pressure in nocturnal hours, trying to picture a poetic setting of dewy grass and trees and flowers for the lovers—with fumes of lard intervening.

Can I ever forget an afternoon with Paderewski and his charming wife at their home near Geneva a few years ago. The piano was silent that day, for Paderewski discussed with fiery enthusiasm the proceedings of the General Assembly concerning the Corridor territory of his beloved Poland. The White Eagle of ancient kings was prominent in the decorations of his study.

With a dreamy thought of America he insisted that his real vacation dream was raising walnuts and pigs on his ranch in California.

The first voyage I made with Cyrus Curtis on his yacht "Lydonia" will never be forgotten. He usually cruises in Florida waters during the winter. Seated on deck one night looking at the lights of Havana, under a tropical moon, he said he was dreaming of the coming summer days at Camden, in his native state of Maine. Attired in his commodore uniform, severely nautical in

every phase and detail, he commented on his boyhood when he sold newspapers on Squirrel Island as the happy play days. The charming exhilaration of the Camden Hills has been the means of restoring him to health after a severe illness this year.

Every time I hear the refrain of McDowell's beautiful gem, "To a Wild Rose," over the radio or at the piano, I think of that quiet dark-eyed, rather melancholy man whom I first met in the Peterborough hills. In that retreat he created much of the matchless music that will delight music lovers for all time to come.

Recently I made a pilgrimage to his grave surrounded by the wild flowers and the graceful limbs of the trees that stand sentinel at the resting place of the great composer which is visited by thousands of his admirers during the holiday season.

The oldtime rush to spend vacations abroad has passed, but there remain the memories of those trip chasing world celebrities. They provide a basis for comparison with the plentiful attractiveness of the home land and inspire the impulse "to see America first."

Bidding Gigli goodbye as he was returning to his home at Ravena, Italy, I thought of the old fountain and the church where he first dreamed of fame as a choir boy. In early childhood he met a number of kindly American tourists who showered him with ten lira after he had sung for them. From that day his one objective was some day to sing in America.

Prominent among the other European homing songbirds returning to their birthplaces was Lily Pons who came to America a few years ago from la belle France to spend a vacation and remained for a career.

This week I was with relatives at the birthplace and old home of Luther Burbank at Lancaster, Massachusetts, where he attended the Lancaster Academy. It was here that he started his career by transforming the early rose into the now world-famed potato. Here he learned the lesson of patience and the marvels of nature in plant breeding.

Some years ago I visited him at Santa Rosa, California, where after years of arduous study and research he had achieved the miraculous in horticultural creations. They included a seedless orange, the thornless cactus that stock could eat on the desert, the stoneless prune, the shasta daisy, the plumcot, nuts and berries, and what luscious peaches and pears—so many varieties that he named a peach for me.

I can see him now with his long white beard, as he tenderly fondled a few seeds, his eyes aglow with the vision of what

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Hayden Carruth, Author of Good Cheer

A Glimpse of the Work of the Beloved Writer who began ringing the widely quoted "Estelline Bell" on the Prairies of Dakota and carried his Gospel of Cheer to leading American Periodicals, later preserved in Books

FEW writers obtain such wide and immediate recognition as did Hayden Carruth when, in 1883, as a youth of twenty-one, he established a weekly newspaper, *The Estelline Bell*, in the little prairie town of Estelline in the Territory of Dakota. He conducted *The Bell* for only three years, but before he abandoned it his humorous paragraphs, sketches and verse were known the country over. The little western weekly went regularly to hundreds of editorial exchange tables, and it is probably safe to say that no other publication at the time was so widely reprinted in this country. There was but one reason for this: the sprightly, cheerful humor that effervesced in every line that the youthful editor wrote.

There was nothing in Carruth's antecedents or early environment to account for the rich vein of humor with which he was endowed. He came of Scotch-Irish farming stock, the pioneer of the line being John Carruth who came to this country in the first quarter of the 18th century and settled in what is now the town of Northborough, Mass. William Carruth, of the third generation, moved to upper New York State, and there at Lorraine, Oliver Powers Carruth, the father of Hayden, was born. He emigrated to Minnesota and settled on a farm in the township of Mount Pleasant, near Lake City in Wabasha county. There Fred Hayden Carruth was born, October 31, 1862, and on that farm he spent his boyhood, with nothing to encourage a youth to the literary life except the few books of a farmer's library.

Some of these were good books, however, and Hayden, who dropped the Fred from his name as he became known as a writer, early evinced a love for good literature. He attended the local schools and spent a year, in 1881, at the University of Minnesota. There his formal education stopped. He spent the next year in newspaper work in Minneapolis and then immediately launched out for himself at Estelline.

But for all the popularity of Carruth's writing in *The Bell*, the immediate field was not one in which a prosperous newspaper could be founded. One commentator, Judge John Nicholson of Watertown, South Dakota, recently wrote that when Carruth finally sold *The Bell* "It was discovered that he had about three hundred paid subscribers and another three hundred papers on the exchange list. How he made a living out of his paper no one was ever able to discover, but he seemed to have a lot of fun trying to do so, just the same." He did, and his experiences at Estelline proved a rich source of literary material for him later on. But

he was obliged to attempt to better his fortune and this he did by removing to the larger community of Sioux Falls where, with Sam T. Clover, now editor of the *Los Angeles Saturday Night*, he established *The Dakota Bell*, a humorous weekly magazine.

The Dakota Bell became as widely known as *The Estelline Bell* had been, and for the same reason, but once again the venture



The Late Hayden Carruth

was not financially successful. Sioux Falls was too far from the reading center of the nation at that time to be the home of a successful magazine. After a year's struggle Carruth abandoned *The Dakota Bell* and moved to New York. Whitelaw Reid, who had written asking Carruth to contribute to *The New York Tribune* as soon as he learned of *The Bell*'s suspension, immediately engaged the young western editor to write a daily humorous editorial for *The Tribune*. Carruth did this for four years, or until 1892, his editorials enjoying the same wide reprinting that his less studied writing for his Dakota publications had.

For the next thirteen years, except for two, 1900 to 1902, when he was editor of the "Harper's Drawer" department of *Harper's Magazine*, Carruth wrote short stories, boys' serials, sketches, essays and verse for many of the leading American magazines. Much of his work appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The Century Magazine*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Youth's Companion*. During

this period two collections of his short stories were published in book form: "The Adventures of Jones," in 1895 and "Mr. Milo Bush and Other Worthies, Their Recollections," in 1899. "The Voyage of The Rattletrap," a semi-humorous book for boys, chronicling a trip that Carruth made in a prairie schooner during his Dakota days, was published in 1897. It was during this period, too, that he wrote "Track's End," a boys' adventure book that seems destined to a secure place in juvenile literature. Originally published in *The Youth's Companion*, it did not appear in book form until 1911.

In 1905 Carruth joined the staff of the *Woman's Home Companion* as literary editor. He retained that position until 1917 when he gave up active editorial work to devote himself to writing "The Postscript," a special page which he had started in *The Companion* two years earlier. Through "The Postscript," which, as its name implies, was the last page in the magazine each month, Carruth had been chiefly known for the quarter century before his death. This page, unique among magazine departments, consisted largely of humorous comment upon the preceding contents of the magazine. It picked out the errors, the foibles, the affectations of the writers and artists who went before it and subjected them to shrewd but kindly and always funny criticism. Interspersed was equally light and telling comment upon the world at large. The humor and homely philosophy of this page, reflecting perfectly the personality of its writer, endeared him to the several million readers who following it each month and who generally read "The Postscript" before they did the rest of the magazine.

The outstanding characteristic of Carruth's humor was its spontaneity, its effervescence. It was humor for the sake of humor only. It was never forced and never caustic. Though many of his stories dealt with the rural scene and employed a rural idiom, his humor was not dependent on dialect or other verbal trickery, but was just as fresh, as bright and all-pervading in his tales written in the purest English. If he might be broadly classified as kin to Burdette and Nye, Twain and Browne, he surpassed these writers in lightness, in kindness and sympathy. It was a favorite theory of his that the sense of humor is essentially the ability to see both sides of a question, and his writing exemplified this theory.

Carruth's characters, far more than the characters of most humorists, are funny in themselves, just as Falstaff is funny. It

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The Birthday Rally Around The Flag

The Anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes commemorated with ceremonies reviewing the stirring pledges of Allegiance and Patriotism

THE flag in church that has long been a mute reminder of the sacredness of citizenship seemed aglow with a new radiance Sunday morning as if anticipating its approaching birthday. Official proclamations have designated the coming Tuesday, June 14th as Flag Day, and the Stars and Stripes will celebrate its 155th anniversary of honorable existence.

While chatting about people and other things, I noticed a group gathered around a Grand Army veteran wearing a bronze button and a little flag such as everybody wore when our boys were in service during the World War.

It seems appropriate during this battle against economic illness to renew the fervor and feeling toward our flag. During the piping days of prosperity, it grew rather old-fashioned and out-of-date to have the flag amid dizzy days of plenty. Perhaps we have been continuing the old tradition: "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be,

But when the devil was well, the devil a saint was he."

Again the people recognize that Old Glory means as much if not more to every individual citizen today as it has in the glorious past. The flag is the one sentiment that even proclaims the real kinship of the American people.

An assault or a tribute to that flag will arouse emotions that run the gamut of patriotic fervor from fiery wrath to saintly exaltation. In the words of Walter Nesbit, "It is your flag and my flag." Your Flag and my flag. It was the symbol of hope for our fathers as it is right now with the clouds overhead. The trumpet calls for a rally round the flag in times of economical crisis and our national integrity is attacked by insidious foes, as Americans always respond when national honor is assailed with shot and shell!

From early childhood the beauty of the country's ensign has been a part of our household adornment. Mother's favorite brother, David, was a bugler who enlisted on the campus at the academy at the age of sixteen, after answering the taunts of an enemy of Lincoln, and was one of the first to fall, sounding his bugle following the flag. A flag was given to the mother and sisters by his comrades as a memento of their affectionate love for the little bugler. It was a treasured relic in the home, and was hung over the fireplace where Grandma could view it in her serene sunset days, with memories of the old home in Kentucky. She knew what that flag cost, for two sons, one wearing the Blue and the other the Gray in the great fratricidal struggle, made the supreme sacrifice for ideals, but her loyalty

to the Union never wavered, for she was born and raised in the border state that gave Lincoln to the world. The blood-red bars to her underscored indelibly the valor of American heroism, while in the blue field gleamed the stars of grandmother's hope that her boys would be side by side over there, with Lincoln's prayer for the Union answered by the Great Commander of human destiny.

When my own home was established, the flag in a frame was at the entrance within as at the old home. On patriotic holidays the family flag greeted the breezes from the gables.

Who of us has not waved a flag in a school procession or looked with a thrill at a mass display on holidays or at a great convention?

In recent years came that wonderful pledge of allegiance, repeated by the little ones when they could scarcely lisp the words. I have heard these words echoed on the battlefield in France by the doughboys ready to go to the front:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible with liberty and justice to all."

Why not have this pledge recited by those adopted citizens as they become naturalized. Make it a part of a ceremony fitting the occasion—instead of a mere motion of the hand as the oath is taken? We do this in our lodge rooms; why not have the oath of allegiance taken in a manner befitting a basic obligation of every citizen?

Now comes to me a panoramic picture of the country's emblem—first made by the hands of a woman, Betsey Ross, who won fame with her needle.

The first general design was suggested by Benjamin Franklin, using the thirteen alternating red and white stripes, symbolizing the union of the thirteen colonies, and combining the Stars and Stripes which received the approval of Washington as chairman of a committee. Out of the many regimental flags used by the various states, including the ensign known as Bunker Hill; the "Conquer or Die"; the rattle snake of the South, used by the southern soldiers; the pine tree and the continental flags used by Washington under the elm, evolved the Stars and Stripes of today.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed the Act:

"RESOLVED: That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

This was the first official flag of the col-

onial states. It was the first flag in all history to use the stars symbolic of the light of Bethlehem heralding a hope of peace, good will and liberty. The homeland republic in the western world reached even to the stars in their emblem.

Years ago I made a pilgrimage to Fort Stanwix, formerly Fort Schuyler, near Rome, New York, where the official "Betsey Ross" design was first unfurled on a battle front. During the World War in 1918, I was in Rome, Italy, and saw this flag unfurled at a great World War demonstration in 1918. Italy was then hoping to have an American division sent to help drive back the Austrians on the Piave. Fervid speeches were made that night in many languages. Attired in a celluloid front, I occupied the box of Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page, all alone. Owing to the death of his brother, the Ambassador did not attend. In the stirring opening moments of this assembly, amid the historic scenes where Caesar's legions had marched, a guard arrived with a side wheel hat, pistol and sword. He motioned me to follow him and "exit." My Italian, "Mucha gratias" didn't seem to meet the order. He had the pistols. I followed him down through a tunnel with thoughts that perhaps one American newspaper man might be counted missing that night. We emerged at a dark moss-grown entrance and then proceeded up old stone steps to the platform. I was escorted to a chair draped with the Stars and Stripes. The flag was upside down. All eyes seemed to be centered on the fat American arranging the stars atop. Suddenly, I heard the name announced by the chairman, "Signor Chapple!" With the fluttering heart of graduation day, I arose, cleared my throat, and assumed a Websterian attitude.

All I could remember was Mark Anthony's address. For was I not in Rome! Would not my voice soon echo where Cicero had orated. Pitching my voice high I plunged:

"Romans, countrymen, compatriots all!" I thought "That will hold them for awhile till I get started."

It was like talking in a barrel. So I shouted, "Woodrow Wilson, America." They understood and applauded. Then I followed with "Lloyd George" amid cheers, and climaxed with "Clemenceau of la belle France." Then I had to "Viva."

George Cohan hadn't anything on me as a flag waver. I took the flag in my hand and across the stage with a tragedian tread I waved it aloft and declaimed in a voice that must have shaken the ruins of the old Coliseum on Palatine Hill:

"The Stars and Stripes will soon unfurl in the fair blue dawn of Italia. Viva la

Italia. Viva la America!"

The great throng arose while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner." Some of the returned Italians sang, but I didn't know the words, so I "umpty-dumped." The next morning Mr. Page greeted me:

"Your florid flag oratory lends itself beautifully to translation into Italian. That speech of yours last night was cabled to the United States. They insist that you must have some official status despite my stout denials. Better leave Rome or you will have an official incubus that is difficult to shake off in these times."

After this I met Senator Marconi, the inventor of the wireless that has made the radio possible. In honor of the visit of the naval officers he wore a little American flag. He has only one eye, a clear blue far-seeing eye, and he made the prophecy that I never can forget, that seemed startling:

"Some day voices will be heard by wireless from the uttermost depths of the earth and to the greatest heights, and even from beneath the sea. Wireless communication will become as universal as conversation." Radio was a word scarcely known in 1918—fourteen years ago.

From every school house in the land, the Stars and Stripes are unfurled, because of the movements led by the old Youth's Companion in Boston. Streets are now provided with standards, so that an outburst of patriotism is evidenced in the avenue of flags along the highways that makes the display of our country's emblem an expression of a sentiment.

The eloquent tribute of the late Franklin K. Lane, a member of President Wilson's Cabinet, was delivered in 1914, when he quoted Old Glory as saying:

"I am not the flag at all, not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. The work that you do is the making of the flag."

On every campus throughout the country at Graduation time the flag appears. There were some colleges not mentioned last Sunday in our Graduation Day talk and I have heard from loyal alumni. Here goes another volley of honorable mention appropriate to Flag Day.

Traveling over the globe I have met many graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, playing an active part in the great industrial development of the world. Under the scorching suns of the Tropics, in Costa Rica, I met Dr. Pritchard, then President of Tech, deeply interested in the work of some of his boys, conquering problems in mountain railroad construction. This institute appealed mightily to the late George Eastman, Coleman Dupont, George Roberts and other pre-eminent industrial leaders evidenced in generous gifts.

Dr. Karl Compton is vigorously carrying on the traditions of the institution on the banks of the classic Charles whose graduates are called far and near for service in meeting the engineering problems of the times.

Speaking of Boston institutions, I must not forget the visits in years past with the late Dr. William Fairfield Warren, patriarch and grand old man who lived nearly to the century mark, leaving Boston

University as a monument of his genius as an educator. Although of a widely varied temperament from that of President Eliot, these two men are pre-eminently identified with the evolution of modern education.

Fitting it is that the executive head of Boston University, Dr. Daniel F. Marsh, should have had Dr. Warren as a teacher and friend. Under his direction, progress is being made towards another monumental group of college buildings in Boston. The alumni records reveal that many college presidents, bishops, and eminent pulpit orators of the Methodist and other denominations have received Boston University degrees.

In the Harkness Dormitory at Yale I visited with a nephew, John B. Chapple, who has since received his diploma as a son of Old Eli. At that time the lad was the leader of a jazz band. His room was typical of that of a college musician. On the bed, behind the doors, under the table—everywhere were musical instruments. His desk was piled high with orchestral scores and copies of the latest in sheet music. A colleague was there busily engaged in writing out a special coda for their newest selection. Occasionally he would drop his pen and strum out a few bars on the banjo. The boys were paying their way through school "by air", utilizing saxophones, tuba trombones, trumpets, drums and cymbals to tingle toes and bring in a good fee for themselves. Musicians playing "blues" in the accepted Yale style were very popular around the campus. College orchestras can give the undergraduates just the kind of dance music that pleases. The only difficulty is in finding the time and a place sufficiently far from those studiously inclined in which to hold rehearsals.

The percussion in practising occasioned a complaint, and my visit with President Angell involved a discussion of the nephew's real objective in attending college. The young man had told him he could earn more money managing a jazz band than was received by the professors who were teaching him. A little chat with this big-hearted and big-brained president helped to straighten out the career of the young man who is now running for United States Senator in Wisconsin, and has developed faculties for oratory instead of tooting the clarinet.

This reminds me of President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin, with whom I first visited as a fellow Chataqua speaker en tour. Dr. Frank was recognized early in his career as a vigorous thinker and educator, and he has certainly made the University of the Badger State known to the world. A forceful executive, he has the faculty of impressing his personality upon the student body as well as the public at large at one and the same time.

Visiting Brown University, I was shown the haunts of Charles Evans Hughes in his student days. The traditions prevail that he took a book containing the problems of Euclid with him on a summer vacation as a mere relaxation.

A chat with President Clarence A. Barbour revealed why he is a popular "prexy."

His wide experience as an educational leader, especially in boys preparatory work, gave him a background for carrying forward the traditions of the university located in the Providence plantation.

With the spirit of a poet, he prepared a Service Song book fifteen years ago and has a keen appreciation of poetic expression which enlivens pedagogic processes in the rollicking routine of college days.

At Annapolis, I enjoyed a visit with Admiral "Tug" Wilson, while he was commandant. Memories of Brest and Longitude 17 where the convoys met the incoming ships carrying troops and that day of days when the news of the Armistice was first flashed by him to a waiting world through an "intercepted wireless" were discussed regardless of rank.

Speaking to the undergraduates, I was impressed with that flower of young manhood coming from every state in the Union, living up so well to the inspirations of John Paul Jones, whose body lies there in a crypt—to say nothing of Decatur, and Farragut and others of historic naval fame. Before them was one who could tell of the days when he had faced (in the cabins) fighting Bob Evans, Admirals Schley, Sampson, and later the hero Admiral of the country, George Dewey.

The face to face view seemed to interest the young men, but when I repeated the story of Manila as related by the modest Dewey, stroking his moustache, they were all attention. Then I realized I was addressing future admirals.

My experiences with Admiral Rodman on the flagship "New York" when American naval vessels were guarding the North Sea looking for the mystery ship, were to them "war history." The tribute given me by Admiral Simms, a former instructor of the Academy, during the days at Queenstown Base, was recalled in the prized letter to Secretary Daniels:

"Keep the fat guy going." That was I—still going.

In the British Empire the word that strikes home to the patriot's heart is "The King;" in France it is simply "France," in the United States it is "The Flag." Our National anthem was inspired by the flag which personifies the American ideal of patriotism. We stand at attention with bared heads when the colors pass.

Seven score and fifteen years ago on the fourteenth day of the rose month of June, the beloved emblem of our country was born, a beautiful flower to all who love liberty, and forever a symbol of the idealized glory and honor of the ever-increasing millions who live beneath and within its protecting folds.

After visiting the home of the poet and lawyer, Francis Scott Key, in the District of Columbia, who wrote the words of the "Star Spangled Banner", I detailed myself to visit Fort McHenry and look upon the scenes where "by the dawn's early light, after the rocket's red glare," Key viewed the flag that "was still there," while a prisoner during the bombardment of Fort McHenry September 1814, which inspired the lyric that evolved into our national anthem.

The Splendid Public Service of Ruth Pratt

The Efficient Record of the Popular and Able Congresswoman of New York City has marked new High Spots in Women's Activities in Political Life

THE 1932 Republican Convention was graced with the presence of many women prominent in politics and public service. A notable figure among them was the Honorable Ruth Pratt, Congressman from the Seventeenth District of New York State. For ten years Mrs Pratt has rendered distinguished service to the Republican Party. In the first place her splendid record as a public servant has reflected great credit upon the party to which she has proven her loyalty. Voting always according to her convictions and according to her duty to her constituents without regard for partisan considerations, she has won the confidence and respect of all her associates and even her political opponents. Together with this independent attitude, she has at the same time been an active and devoted member of the Republican party. Her first official position came to her in 1919 when she was made Vice-Chairman of the National Ways and Means Committee of the National Republican Committee. In those days a woman in politics was regarded dubiously by the old campaigners. But Mrs. Pratt more than justified the faith in her ability held by her backers. The following year she was made a member of the Steering Committee that headed up much of the work of that exciting contest resulting in the election of Warren G. Harding.

Her exceptional ability as a campaigner was shown again in 1922 when as manager of Ogden L. Mills, then running for Congress from the state of New York, she saw him overwhelmingly elected. There followed three years of active service in the interests of the Republican Party and then, in 1925, Mrs Pratt was elected to her first public office, a membership on the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York. That the voters were solidly behind her was demonstrated in 1927 when she was re-elected by a large majority although the elec-

tion was held in a traditional off-year for the party in power. The next year Mrs. Pratt was sent to congress to represent the seventeenth district of New York State. Here her fight for efficient and economical government could be carried out on a larger

the house: one amending the Federal Reserve Act and the other providing an appropriation to increase the supply of books in braille manufactured in this country. Now as Republican National Committee-woman from New York she is preparing to take her usual active and effective part in the 1932 campaign. Mrs. Pratt has shown that there is no limits to the success a woman can achieve in politics. All Republicans are proud that she is a member of the party.

Few women in public life have more emphatically demonstrated the possibilities of women in legislative bodies than the Honorable Ruth Pratt of New York. Her influence is not confined to public addresses and appearances, impressive as they are, for no one can hear her discuss public questions without knowing the whys and wherefores from the bottom up. Combined with her knowledge of a question is that intuitive judgment associated with her sex, but always ready to give and take in a sportsmanlike way with her adversaries, and to see the other side, if there be another side.

In her office located at her residence at 7 East 61st St., New York, she has held many important conferences and knows how to dispatch business and bring together the conflicting ideas as to methods by concentrating on the objective in view. Her headquarters are a splendid example of thorough organization work. She knows her district and her constituency through and through, and there is just a thrill of pride when you meet a voter in the Seventeenth District of New York City declaring "Ruth is our Congressman."

To handle a district in the metropolis of the country so efficiently is something of a task that has complexities more pronounced than in rural districts. She is a cosmopolite in her views and sympathies and a leader who inspires confidence, because she works with definite objective.

Continued on page 174



Hon. Ruth Pratt, Member of Congress

scale and she soon distinguished herself. As a member of the Committee on Banking and Currency, she showed a grasp of business and financial matters that early removed all doubts as to the wisdom of having a woman sit on this important body. Two bills originated by Mrs. Pratt have passed

Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

MASSACHUSETTS is fortunate in having many eminent and capable women political leaders. Among those who have been active in public life since the ballot was extended to woman-kind is Mrs. Frank Roe Batchelder of Worcester, vice chairman of the Republican State Committee. While her children were at college she took up public work intensively. As president of the Worcester Women's Club, the largest federated women's organization in the state, her capability in leadership brought opportunities for public service. As a director of the State Federation of Women's Clubs and secretary of the Worcester Free Public Library, she further familiarized herself with all sorts of organizations among women.

During the war she served as a member of the Soldiers Family Committee and of the Community Service Committee, and was later appointed a member of the Worcester City Planning Board. Governor Fuller made her a member of the committee representing Massachusetts to attend the sesquicentennial at Philadelphia. Her wide range of activities included service as a director of the Station Committee of the Travelers Aid Society and the Cancer Committee, the Camp Fire Girls and Worcester Y. W. C. A. The home folks found her a most willing and efficient participant in all matters of civic affairs.

One of the original organizers of the Republican women for party principles throughout the state, she has been a regular member of the State Committee since the establishment of the Women's Division. As vice chairman of the Finance Committee she raised funds for a presidential campaign and served as an alternate district delegate at the Republican National Convention in Cleveland which renominated President Coolidge. One of the two directors of the Political School at the Women's Republican Club of Massachusetts, she has proved a most efficient organizer.

With a modest and forceful personality, she has proved the real sturdy spirit of the three ancestors who came over in the Mayflower, which included Elder Brewster, Stephen Hopkins and Governor Prince. On her mother's side she is descended from the Huguenots who settled in Connecticut.

After graduation from Vassar, Mrs. Batchelder became interested in politics, although at that time women were not accorded the right of suffrage, but she began a study of political organizations. Later

on with her son, Roger, graduated from Harvard, an officer in the Reserve Corps, her daughter Alice graduated from Smith College, and Theron a student at Williams, Mrs. Batchelder gave much time to public work, with the viewpoints of a mother who has reared and educated a family according to the traditions of her forbears.

As one of her friends has well said, "She is a woman whom women like," and with all the rugged, rough and tumble



Mrs. Frank Roe Batchelder, State Committeewoman Republican National Committee

contacts incidental to public work, she has maintained a womanly poise and knows how to lead as well as serve in the true sense of the word. Mrs. Batchelder has the happy faculty of meeting and mingling with people, and is conscientiously faithful in her attendance at all meetings of any organization with which she is associated, giving concentrated attention to the details that count so much in effective organization.

In her work as vice chairman of the Republican State Committee, Mrs. Batchelder has made a record that justifies the hope of reclaiming Massachusetts for the Republican roster of states in the electoral college for the presidential campaign of 1932. Her work has received the hearty approval of her associates in the year of renominations and endorsements of the administration and the herculean efforts

of Herbert Hoover to steer the ship of state through the perilous shoals of these times. It is a recurrence of the situation in '64 when Lincoln was re-elected and the people decided, despite the black clouds of despair and defeat hovering over the Lincoln administration "not to trade horses in midstream," but continue steadfast in the faith that so gloriously triumphed as the result of this election in saving the Union and reuniting a divided nation.

With this supreme objective in view, the Republican organizations all along the line realize that "united we stand, divided we fall," fulfilling Lincoln's dominant principle in public service.

At the National Republican Convention in Chicago which renominated Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Bachelor was elected National Committeewoman from Massachusetts. This recognition of her services was keenly appreciated by her friends. It was felt by them that her years of activity in the political affairs of this state would be of great help in the impending presidential campaign. Her election was the result of a spirited contest that has extended over four years.

MAY 21, 1927 will be one of the dates that school-children will have to learn, in future years, as the date of the successful solo flight over the Atlantic, the memorable day when a clear-eyed, clean-limbed, fine American lad alighted from his plane, set foot on French soil, and said in his quiet way, to the gathered multitude: "I am Charles Lindbergh," entirely unaware that a world had been watching his progress for the last few hours and were waiting to acclaim him Hero of the Air!

May 21, 1932! And a woman, a slender, fair-haired, grey-eyed woman, landed at Londonderry, Ireland, after a solo flight across the Atlantic. The first woman to make this record, alone.

It may have been coincident!! But of such coincidence is history made. Just five years to a day when these two courageous young people wrote a page in American and world history.

Amelia Earhart Putman was the first woman to fly by plane across the Atlantic in 1928; she is the first woman to make a solo airplane flight across the Atlantic; she is the first person, man or woman to make two plane flights across the ocean; and she apparently set a transatlantic time record when she brought her plane down in a field

in Ireland on Sunday, May 21, 1932. She made the crossing in 14 hours and 54 minutes.

And Amelia Earhart Putman's speech which came from London at noon, Eastern



Amelia Earhart Putnam

Daylight time, on Sunday, May 22, will indeed be passed on to future generations as a radio classic. Clear and strong came her voice over the Columbia Network, relating this story back to America.

"I will leave Europe for home about June 10 without going back to Ireland, where I landed yesterday after my flight from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

"I sort of hated to leave my plane up there, but there is a man here in whom I have faith to dismantle and pack it, so I am going to let him do it and ship it back to the United States.

"First, I am going shopping early tomorrow morning. I had to borrow some clothes from friends at the Embassy.

"My start Friday from Newfoundland was delayed a little bit to have time to fix up all the customs requirements. They gave me clearance papers just as if I were captain of a ship and I filled a blank space saying I was going to Paris. I wasn't sure where I was going, but that did just as well as any other.

"For the first four hours out I had beautiful weather and I could see the sky and ocean. Everything was lovely.

"Then all of a sudden I ran into rain squalls and heavy wind. Then my exhaust manifold burnt out and bright flames began shooting out of the side."

"I was not frightened," she told the Associated Press, "but it isn't any fun to have those flames so near you. If there were an oil or gas leak it might cause trouble.

"Then my altimeter went wrong—the first time in my 10 years of flying.

"It was dark and cloudy and raining and there was nothing for me to do but start climbing. I fixed an easy gradient and kept

it up for some time.

"Then I discovered my tachometer had frozen so I knew I was high enough.

"Ice formed on my wings and I had to drop lower.

"It was only twice after that I caught a glimpse of the ocean. I saw little white waves under me, but it was like looking down on mountains where man is missing from the picture and I had no measure to tell how high the waves were, or how high I was above them—maybe 300 feet.

"When the morning of Saturday came I was flying between two blankets of clouds. The one below me was composed of little white wooly ones. After a while they all joined together and formed just a great white blanket like a snowfield stretching in every direction.

"When the sun broke through the blanket above me it was so blinding that even with my smoked glasses I had to come down and fly in the clouds for a while so I could see again.

"It was here that my eye caught the second glimpse of the ocean. I saw waves running before a northwest wind and thinking I was pretty far south I turned due east. The result was that I hit Ireland in about the middle, whereas if I had gone on I probably would have passed the southern tip.

"There must have been some error in the Weather Bureau calculations, because they thought I would miss the rain altogether. When I got into squalls I supposed I was to

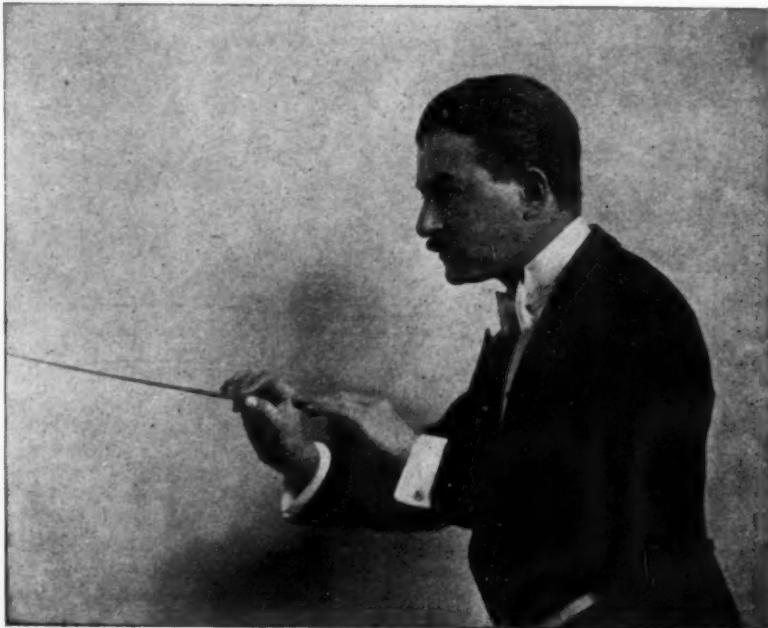
road, and after a while flew over Londonderry exactly 13 hours and 15 minutes, after my departure."

It is thanks entirely to the Pops that Boston remains a musical town even at this advanced stage of the vacation season. The number and loyalty of the Pops fans is indeed a matter of direct evidence any night at Symphony Hall. This, the 47th season of the Pops, drew to its close on Saturday, July 2nd.

Certainly one of the principal explanations of the general favor in which these concerts are held is Arthur Fiedler himself, now completing his third season as their conductor. Fiedler is even more broadly known by his Esplanade Concerts which entirely his own idea and realization. He conducts the free Museum Concerts, the MacDowell Club Orchestra, and his own Sinfonietta. He is the leader of the Cecilia Society Chorus, and as such has prepared notable choral music for performance under Koussevitzky at the regular Symphony concerts, but it is the Pops which have given him his most direct contact with the public.

Arthur Fiedler is a "son" of the Orchestra, his father Emanuel Fiedler, having played for years as first violinist, and in the Kneisel String quartet. Born in Boston Arthur Fiedler plays in the viola section. His uncle, Bernard Fielder, is in the violin section.

Perhaps one of the principal reasons for the abounding popularity of Arthur Fiedler



Arthur Fiedler, Director of the Pop Concerts

the south of my course, and the result was that I kept correcting to the north.

"I had plenty of fuel and could have kept right on to Paris, maybe further, but my motor was straining so after sighting land, which I knew must be Ireland, that I decided to come down.

"I could see peat bogs and thatched huts beneath me. I headed north along a rail-

is his sympathetic acquaintance alike with the classics, the more distinctive sort of modern music, and the "popular field" from Victor Herbert to Gershwin or Romberg. A glance at his programmes shows his range and the reason that almost anyone finds numbers to his liking any night at the Pops. In the first few programmes the two piano rhapsodies of Gershwin, selec-

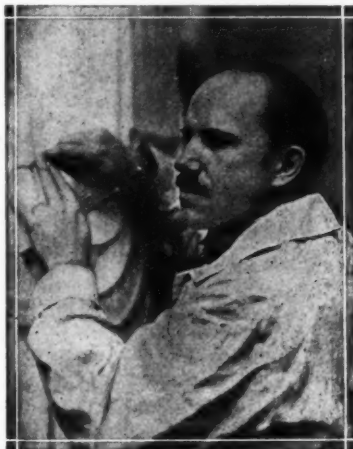
tions from the "Band Wagon," "Cat and the Fiddle," "Strike Up the Band," mingled unabashed with the standard pieces of Wagner or Tchaikovsky.

The Pops date back to the summer of 1885 when the Boston Symphony Orchestra was only four years old. There was then started the project of a supplementary series of concerts of popular character to suit the warmer season. They were modeled after the "Bilse" Concert of Berlin, the formal rows of seats were removed and tables were installed so that one might sip wine or beer, munch sandwiches or smoke, while listening to a Waltz of Strauss or a March of Sousa.

The experiment was an immediate success. The "Promenade Concerts" soon came to be called "Pops" in the vernacular whether on account of their popularity or the popping corks has never been established. In any case, the name itself became so popular that it was officially adopted.

The Pops have flourished from that day to this and have grown in favor with every season. In 1900 the Boston Symphony Orchestra left the old Music Hall, its original home on Hamilton Place, and moved to its own splendid auditorium, Symphony Hall, then just completed. The Pops have had many conductors, notably Franz Kneisel, Timothée Adamowski, André Marquarre, Gustave Strube. The last three conductors have been Agide Jacchia, who stressed the musical side; Alfredo Casella, the distinguished Italian composer-conductor-pianist; and Arthur Fiedler, under

AMERICA'S newest memorial to Abraham Lincoln, a heroic bronze statue of the martyred President in which he is depicted as a Hoosier youth of 21, is to be dedicated this autumn with fitting ceremonies at Fort Wayne, Ind.



Paul Manship, sculptor

The statue, which was executed by Paul Manship, celebrated New York sculptor, is to constitute Indiana's foremost memorial to the Emancipator. It is being erected on the plaza of the Lincoln National Life Insurance company's building.

Manship's conception of Lincoln presents the young frontiersman leaning easily against an oak stump, symbolic of his sturdy background. A true American hound dog such as the boy Lincoln always had for company in his pilgrimages through the woods is resting its nose against Lincoln's knee; the familiar rail-splitting ax is in the foreground; and in Lincoln's hand is a book such as he frequently carried with him. On each face of the pedestal is to be a group of figures in medallion form, representing some of the characteristics with Lincoln's name is always associated—patriotism, justice, charity and fortitude. The figure of Lincoln stands 12 feet, 4 inches, in height; and with the pedestal and base the statue will arise 24 feet above the sidewalk.

When Manship was commissioned four years ago to produce an outstanding creation of art which would be one of the foremost monuments in the world, he was asked to depict Lincoln as a Hoosier youth in view of the fact that the statue is to stand in the same state where Lincoln spent 14 formative years of his life—from the age of 7 to 21.

Realizing that no photographs of Lincoln at that age existed, the sculptor sought the co-operation of Dr. Louis A. Warren, director of the Lincoln National Life Foundation and America's foremost authority on Lincoln's parentage and childhood. Manship and Warren searched all the known

sources of information on the genealogy of the Lincoln and Hanks families and made a special tour of the Indiana and Kentucky country in which the boy was reared. The Ohio river and reminders of the old ferryboat days and glimpses of the Kentucky homestead excited the sculptor's imagination. A visit to the grave of Nancy Hanks near Lincoln City, Ind., provided added stimulus. And so he retired to his studios and went to work on plaster models of the statue.

"The desire to represent the young Lincoln as a dreamer and a poet," Manship said, "rather than as the railsplitter was uppermost in my mind. These qualities were selected as being most important in view of the greatness of Lincoln's later accomplishments and without which the idealism and clarity of his future would never have been possible."

* * *

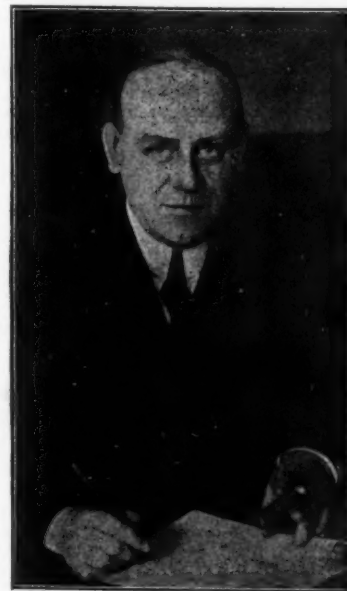
IN his travel books alone, Archie Bell won distinction as an author. His wide experience as a critic and travel contributor to magazines for twenty years has resulted in a most interesting library of specialized literature. His book "The Spell of Ireland" published four years ago remains an outstanding volume in the travel corner of the libraries. While his home is in New York Mr. Bell, born in Geneva, Ohio, continues his working workaday address in Cleveland where he still serves



Manship's new statue of Lincoln

whom the Pops have taken on youthful vitality and abounding popularity.

The auditorium, as decorated for the summer season by the hand of Robert Edmond Jones, was quite in keeping with the perennial freshness of the programmes.



Archie Bell, author of "Spell" books and literary critic

as a member of the editorial staff of the Cleveland News, with his assignments so arranged that he can pack his bachelor bag at any minute and hie to the uttermost parts of the earth to gather material for another "Spell" book.

Famous Folk during Dog Days

Continued from page 166

was to follow in succeeding seasons. He told me of the days that he lectured at Leland Stanford University, and among his students was a blue-eyed lad who asked if he was a horticulturist, and he told him he was a plain breeder of plants. That lad was Herbert Hoover.

Horticultural records reveal that Burbank actually created thousands of new varieties of fruits, flowers, grasses, grains, vegetables and nuts, and left the world of nature and human nature much richer because of what he did in play days.

Luther Burbank's life was one continuous playtime in the work that he loved with a devotion that would carry on tasks for hours and days without thinking of taking off his clothes and going to bed. His theory was that anything could be accomplished by concentration, and he took out a glass, focusing the rays of the sun on a blade of grass and burned it, to demonstrate his point.

High tide of vacation days is indicated in the activities of Camp Devens, now called Fort Devens. What contrast today with the time I spoke there to the doughboys in 1917, when there were seventy thousand instead of seven thousand men encamped among those beautiful hills near Ayer. Under the scorching July sun the National Guard of today enter into the rough and ready routine of military life with all the zest and enthusiasm of play days.

In the yellow house on the hill, the headquarters of the Twenty-Sixth Division still remain. Paying my respect to General Fish with an overseas salute I felt there were many visitors that day, including twenty members of the State Senate who called to pay their respects to their soldier colleague, Colonel Gasper Bacon, president of the Massachusetts Senate, and here Assistant Chief of Staff. After paying respects at headquarters to General Desmond, I made my retreat from this Reserve Corps rendezvous as the band was lustily playing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the song of Twenty-Sixth, and other stirring refrains played overseas, that brought to mind a memory of the beloved commander, the late Clarence R. Edwards, who loved to mingle with his boys who had been with him overseas, on the camp grounds at Fort Devens.

Within the month Massachusetts has been honored with a visit with Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Democratic nominee for president. On the yacht Myth II he landed on the magic shores of Cape Cod at Marion where Cleveland and his bride visited years ago, like a pilgrim—but not a stranger. An enthusiastic reception was given him by Cape Codders. The cruise has invigorated him for the arduous work of the campaign. The slow speed sailing in the yawl, depending upon wind and tide, was a sharp contrast to that dashing trip he made by air from Albany to Chicago to deliver his speech of acceptance and fire the opening gun of the campaign. Massachusetts bids the distinguished governor of New York a hearty welcome to the finest summer playground in the world.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 152

erans. When he began making a car carrying his own name, he speeded up the pace of motor cars and added the knowledge born of an experience with every known test that could be applied that spelled improvement. In the public addresses he has made, Mr. Chrysler exemplifies the practical methods adopted in motor making.

Whether talking to the section men in his line, the directors of the Union Pacific or in a public talk, Carl R. Gray is a railroad executive who knows how to express himself. His talk in New York before advertising men indicates that he is conversant with the basic principles of exploitation. His railroad, following the picturesque trail across the plains to California, spans an area where people produce and cultivate the soil for a meagre return. That explains the frank way in which this western railroad president says things directly pertaining to social, industrial, agricultural or political subjects. Carl Raymond Gray was born in Princeton, Arkansas, and holds a degree from the University of his native state. He began as a telegraph operator and station agent, and has been chief clerk, division freight agent, superintendent and general manager of many different railroads, extending from the Spokane, Portland and Seattle on the Pacific, the Great Northern, Wheeling and Lake Erie, and Western Maryland, affording him a wide experience on which to base conclusions.

Splendid Service of Ruth Pratt

Continued from page 170

In conversation or in public speaking, her commanding presence and flashing eyes indicate not only the intelligence but the feeling that prompts a decisive conclusion.

With all her activities Ruth Sears Baker Pratt is a homemaker and her two sons and two daughter have a great pride in helping mother in her work. She was born in Ware, Mass. and comes of old Revolutionary stock, and was educated in Dana Hall and Wellesley College, where she early indicated her genius for leadership.

After the death of her husband, John T. Pratt of New York, she continued on the work in which he had encouraged her during the last three years of their twenty-four years of happy married life, so that her work is pursued with a spirit of family unity that she had been able to impress upon the voters in her district, for it is said that if any member of the family is for Ruth Pratt the unit rule prevails on election day at the polls.

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The Glory of Graduation Days

Continued from page 163

There is a reason why his music has dominated radio programs—he wrote his songs from the heart. The last time I saw him was in Washington making a plea for a radio copyright which has proved a boon and encouragement to all composers of music to follow.

In this same Conservatory is Wallace Goodrich, the present director, whose Conservatory orchestra and instruction have left a deep impress upon many hundreds of musicians scattered all over the country, who in turn are now leaders in the musical development of their respective communities. Then there is Dean Frederick W. Converse, beloved by the student body, and the composer of grand opera and symphonies and music in all forms. His modern symphony "Flivver Ten Million" is now being played at all the large musical centers in Europe. Finally, I find myself at graduation time thinking of Ralph L. Flanders, the manager of the Conservatory, which has grown amazingly under his executive direction from alarming deficits to resources that assure the permanent maintainance and ever-widening and increasing influence of the largest and best musical conservatory in the world—located right here in Boston.

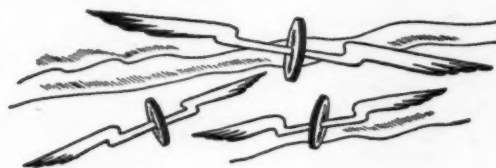
Sitting on the green of the campus at Williamstown, I enjoyed a heart to heart talk with Dr. Harry A. Garfield, the popular president of Williams College. Chatting with the son of President James A. Garfield, the second martyred president, who also graduated from this institution, somehow recalled the classic tribute to Mark Hopkins, that "to sit on the end of a log or chat on the campus with this eminent teacher was in itself an education."

Dr. Garfield has conducted the Williamstown Conference every summer which has taken its place as one of the pre-eminent forums for the discussion of world problems. It represents a gathering of post graduates from the Universities of Experience and Hard Knocks, as well as those of academic training, unleashing a free-for-all discussion that at times coordinates the high points of observation and information, which is my own definition of intelligence.

In the land of orange blossoms I met the students and teachers of the University of Florida in chapel assembled, and later working in the fields, following out the plans of Dr. John J. Tighe. As a former U. S. Commissioner of Education, he has traveled from the Tropics to Alaska and from coast to coast in connection with the official responsibilities of educational work. The blossoms of graduation days at Gainesville have a suggestion of weddings which may be one of the important problems facing the average young man and woman after days of diplomas and romantic courtship.

Receiving the diploma tied with ribbons and signed and sealed for framing suggests the output of marriage certificates that may provide, alas, too much of the grist for the divorce mills.

PENNIES FOR WINGS



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A flying trip to Florida by air recalled a visit to the University of Miami where I have seen President Ashe in action, battling against all sorts of obstacles in establishing the farthest south university of the country. Coming in contact with the large student body from Latin-America, the institution fulfils the dreams of William Jennings Bryan, one of its founders and regents.

Why not do something to help those graduates in the June time to get a start in life. They are bravely meeting complexities and perplexities that did not exist in our college days. The grim era of unemployment

confronts them—there are millions seeking work. The earnest young men and women from the schools must be given every encouragement possible—counseled wisely and sympathetically in their days of disappointment, for upon them largely depends the destiny of the republic and the leadership of Tomorrow.

Let us sacrifice much individually in helping them to earn as well as learn and justify the great ideal of the Nation which has ever been focused upon our schools as the bulwark of the homes in our own beloved country.

Carrying on the Joys of the Fourth of July *Continued from page 161*

tion. But this tribute entitled him to a skyrocket salute that came with the fireworks. Even today I sit enthralled when I see that stream of fire skimming through the heavens with its familiar sound z-z-z-z-z Boom! Oh! Ah!

Tired but happy the family gathered after the fireworks, in the darkness of the old porch, so that each one could tell all about what had happened on the Fourth. Little Billy was rubbing his sleepy eyes and burnt fingers when someone started a song—a little off key. After the ensuing lull, the opening strains of Grandfather's Clock was played by Mother, who had retired to the piano to give us the proper pitch. It recalled the grandfather, Joe Mitchell, who had given us our first fireworks and with whom our earliest memories of the Fourth of July are associated.

The music comes back to me today:

*"Ninety years without numbering
Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock
Ninety years without slumbering
Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock"*

Some years ago I was chosen by the Mayor of Boston as the Fourth of July orator for the exercises,—held in Faneuil Hall. Can I ever forget the thrill of that occasion. On the wall is that painting of Daniel Webster delivering those imperishable words: "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." It made me clear my throat with some trepidation as I thought that the words which I was soon to utter would ring out within the walls of the Cradle of Liberty.

My meeting with Samuel F. Smith, the author of America at the White House at Washington during the shadows of his last years is recalled by the fact that the National Hymn was heard at the Park Street Church to-night where it was first sung on the Fourth of July just one hundred years ago.

How I wish that the radio could bring back the great orations of the past that have been delivered on our country's natal day. They remain burning torches of eloquence that have lighted the way for those who have followed. The admonitions and inspiration of patriotic leaders have led us through the perils of the past. And there are leaders today who will pilot us through these stressful times into a new era of friendliness and well being that will more than fulfill the great visions of forefathers who heralded to all the world, one hundred and sixty-five years ago, this stirring prophecy from Holy Writ, inscribed upon the surface of the wildly swinging Bell at Philadelphia: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

It was a message that will echo on through all ages. Since then, similar republican forms of government have arisen and flourished on every continent, inspired by the ideal that flashed across the skies of the universe on this Fourth of July, 1776, when a people declared—"that all men are created equal, endowed by their Creator

with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The first bold, flowing signature on this immortal document is that of John Hancock of Massachusetts. In the Congressional Library in Washington I recently looked upon that precious document known to us all as the Declaration of Independence. Reverently I regarded it,—the ark of the covenant of our republic, the priceless heritage of not only the American people, but all human kind with the great aspirations of this time for a peace and amity in the world that will give all nations an opportunity to share in the blessings that have come to the American people through this imperishable pledge of human rights.

The Declaration of Independence is more than a signed document. It remains the Magna Charta of modern civilization. It is still the pulsating heart-beat of hope for all humanity. The closing words come like a benediction for this day we celebrate and for all time:—

"And for the support of this declaration with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Hayden Carruth, Author of Good Cheer

Continued from page 167

is their flavor, more than what they say or do, that tickles the risibilities. The reader feels them to be flesh and blood; not mere vehicles for machine-made witticisms. They, and not the author, make the stories. And this is so because each of them presents a fact of Carruth's own many-sided, whimsical, fun-loving mind.

Those who knew Carruth personally quickly realized this to be so. For if it be true that most humorists are dull, sad fellows to meet, or in the bosom of their families, Carruth was a marked exception to the rule. With him the creative faculty was never dormant. He talked as he wrote, with spontaneous humor welling up in all he said. He was naturally buoyant, cheerful, optimistic, although not without a deep sensitivity to sorrow and suffering, of which life brought him more than his share. Yet if it saddened it did not embitter him, and he remained to the last, humorous, kindly and keenly interested in the world about him.

Of all his work Carruth thought most highly of his boys' book, "Track's End." His faith in it was well justified, for it has continued in steady demand year after year and has won the highest praise of discriminating literary critics. The late John Cotton Dana, the librarian of the Newark public library who did so much to influence the reading taste of the public by his wide influence on library practise, wrote of the book: "Track's End is a masterpiece. I am sure of that. Rarely does one find in these days a story told with that simple directness which came so easily to . . . Defoe." Prof. Fred N. Scott of the University of Michigan, a leading American authority on

English literature, once said that he considers "Track's End" one of the best boys' stories ever written. The tale, founded on Carruth's early experiences in South Dakota, reports the adventures of a youth left alone to guard a newly settled prairie town during a winter when the suspension of train service led all the other inhabitants to abandon the place until spring. The story possesses novelty of plot, a high degree of suspense and thrills a-plenty, but its title to literary excellence rests chiefly upon its remarkable verisimilitude. Told in the first person, it impresses the reader with the same conviction of truthfulness that he derives from "Robinson Crusoe" or "Treasure Island." This is a quality possessed by few juveniles and it has led many critics to rank "Track's End" among the ten leading books for boys by American authors.

As an editor, Carruth was noted for his helpfulness to other writers and to artists. He never failed to respond to appeals for advice or criticism and his correspondence with writers and artists was large. His letters were famous for their kindly, graceful encouragement and their never failing humor.

The Trumpet Call of Walter Smith *Continued from page 156*

find themselves in keener demand some years hence than they have ever been, for the available supply of first-rate players will tend to be less.

As Boston's courtly Mr. Courtenay Guild, the brother of a famous ambassador to Russia, once remarked of Walter Smith:

"There was a young man of excellent pith; Fate tried to conceal him by calling him Smith."

But Fate has lost. This particular Smith is not concealed. The tree of his fame has branched far, and its roots have taken hold only the stronger, I think, because planted in the good soil of candor, free from weeds of conceit, and nourished at all times by modesty. Walter M. Smith has clung to his name, and has ennobled and honored it with a fame in the roll-call of artists of Eminence in the art divine in America.

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464 Wilmet Ave.,
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An American, the son of one of General Grant's soldiers, wants to thank you for your program this date. It was wonderful. Your hour on the air was the best I ever heard. Again I thank you.

J. H. Elwell,
33 Brewster Road,
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Your Sunday presentation of the Mays regime was a masterpiece, not only in voice, but by the authenticity of facts. Please accept my great thanks to you and the station WEEI from which this perfect radio casting was made possible.

Watson M. Ayers,
Danvers, Mass.

I had the privilege and pleasure of listening to you last evening over the radio at WEEI, Boston, on "Face to Face with our Presidents." You did splendidly in reproducing the spirit of the times. I am a retired minister of the New England Methodist Conference in my 97th year, able to take an interest in what is going on in town, state, country and world. You have first class talent in reproducing characters vividly. I anticipate hearing you next Sunday night.

Mrs. John W. Patrick,
634 Prospect St.,
Methuen, Mass.

Your broadcasts are wonderful. When your half hour is over, I have that same feeling I experience after a good turkey dinner—I have taken in mind something on which to feed and something that can be digested and so do me good mentally. We people who cannot see do certainly appreciate these wonderful choice things which come to us over the air from such brainy and busy men. Your voice, too carries well, and every word is so distinctly enunciated.

W. S. Freyer,
W. S. Freyer & Co.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Your radio broadcasting received splendidly and comments of friends and associates very flattering to you and we look forward with eagerness to continuation of your program. Such talks as you are giving are particularly interesting to young America.

H. A. Merion,
Hotel La Salle,
Boston, Mass.

I listen in and have a wonderful time when you are on the air. I call it My Enchanted Hour.

G. Campbell Bensley,
18 Ivy St.,
Boston, Mass.

I wish to thank you for the enjoyment we have derived from your Sunday afternoon programs. I think of all programs, barring none, we have enjoyed yours the most. The personal touch and insight into the life and character of the great men of our day has been a delightful inspiration. I am fifteen years old and a freshman in the Jamaica Plain High School agricultural course.

Helen F. Seiwick,
3 Acton St.,
Maynard, Mass.

Your talks are indeed enlightening for although one may have read a great deal of the life of many of whom you speak somehow you seem to have always come in closer touch and to know some little interesting thing that one would get in no other way. Though one may have looked upon the very scene you describe, you somehow have viewed it with different eyes and in a different light. One is sure to become enlightened by what you have to say.

R. Wright,
Summer St.,
Boston, Mass.

Joe Chapple certainly makes your heart throb. The best talks I've heard on the radio.

Mrs. Eva W. Schneider,
13 Wetheres Ave.,
Lowell, Mass.

I was very much interested and greatly pleased with your broadcast last Sunday afternoon. I hope to listen to many more in the future.

J. Milnor Walmaley,
Union Trust Building,
Rochester, N. Y.

I desire to express my sincere thanks to the National Broadcasting Co. and to Mr. Chapple for a program that is not only a wonderful entertainment, but is most interesting from an educational standpoint. I do not think the program can be improved.

Geo. H. Shea,
309 North Ave.,
No. Abington, Mass.

Your half hour "on the air" today has turned a dull day into an interesting one. Since hearing you speak, a few years ago, at Boston University, I have been interested in whatever you have to say or write.

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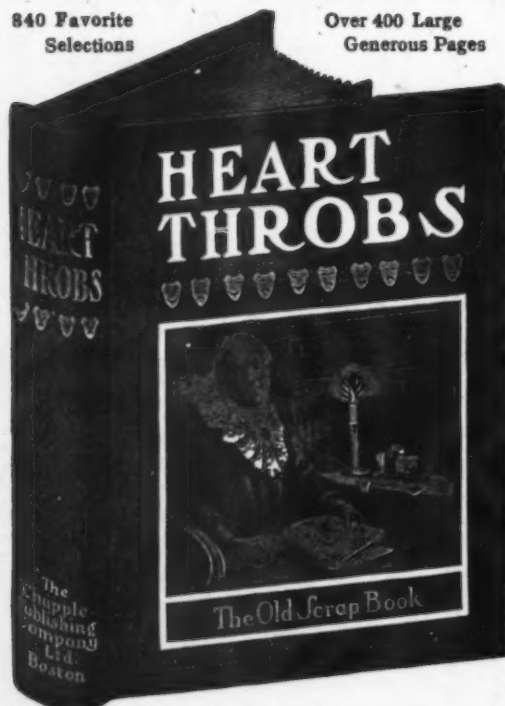
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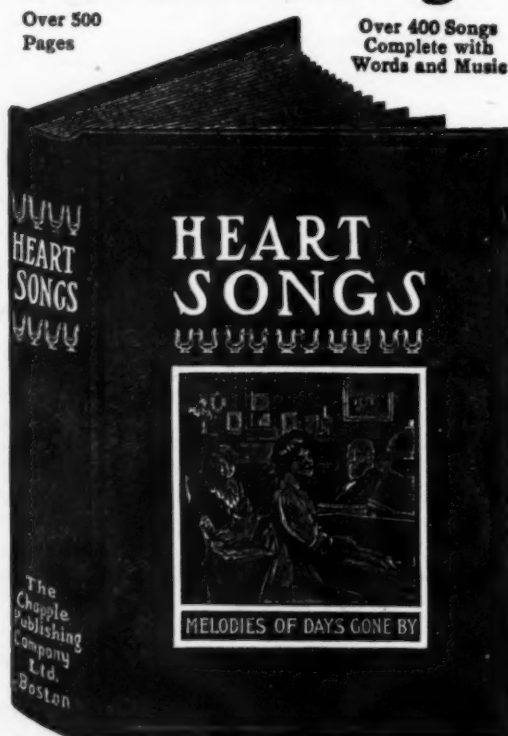
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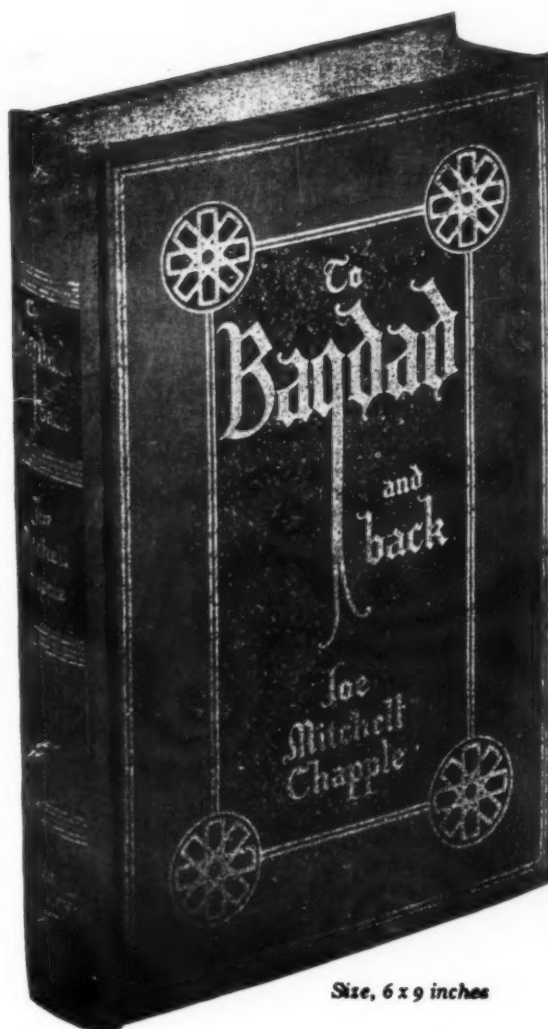
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By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
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Of good Haroun Alrashid.

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Dorothy Dix

If it's safe in water alone, all its original loveliness is safe with LUX!